

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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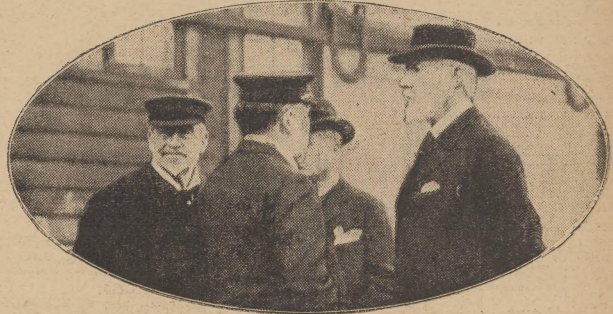
## LORD SELBORNE, THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER, LEAVES FOR S. AFRICA.



Lord Selborne, the recently appointed High Commissioner for South Africa, who appears on the right of the photograph, embarking on the ss. Walmer Castle at Southampton on Saturday. The smaller photograph shows Lord Selborne and his son, Viscount Wolmer, on the deck of the steamer.—(Cribb.)



The Mayor and representatives of the Southampton Corporation and Chamber of Commerce going on board to bid Lord Selborne farewell.



"Admirals all." Four Admirals of the Fleet waiting at Southampton to bid farewell to Lord Selborne. On the left of the photograph is Sir Charles Hotham, in the centre are Sir A. Douglas and Sir A. K. Wilson, and on the right is Lord Walter Kerr.

## MISS ELLALINE TERRISS RETURNS TO THE STAGE.



At the Vaudeville Theatre to-night Miss Ellaline Terriss will make a welcome reappearance, after her long absence, in the part originally written for her in "The Catch of the Season."—(Ellis and Walery.)







## "VIVE LE ROI EDOUARD."

Paris Populace Give Warm  
Welcome to King Edward.

### STATE BANQUET.

The King Decorates an Admiral  
and Receives M. Delcasse.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—King Edward arrived at the Gare de Lyon by special train from Marseilles at 9.20 last night.

In deference to the express wish of his Majesty, his reception was of the simplest character, the King being met by Sir Francis Bertie, the British Ambassador, and M. Lepine, Prefect of Police.

King Edward entered the Ambassador's brougham and drove away, while the crowds lining the streets shouted enthusiastically, "Long live the King!"

His Majesty drove straight to the Hotel Bristol in the Place Vendôme. Outside the hotel were several hundred people, including many members of the English colony, who, regardless of the rain, awaited the King's coming.

As the carriage drove up there was a tremendous burst of cheering, French and English being mingled in the greetings.

This morning the King attended the service at the Ambassador's chapel, accompanied by the Ambassador and the entire staff of the English Embassy.

It was remarked on all sides how extremely well his Majesty appeared, his face being much bronzed by the Mediterranean sun.

The Rev. Dr. Noyes conducted the service, and the church was crowded to suffocation. Before the King could leave the special gallery two policemen were sent for to clear a way down the stairs.

#### HULL INQUIRY DECORATION.

At noon his Majesty received Admiral Fournier, who was the president of the International Commission which inquired into the Hull incident. In recognition of his services during the sitting of the Commission the King presented the Admiral with the Grand Order of St. Michael and St. George.

At one o'clock the King drove to the mansion of M. Henry Stanish in Rue Belloy, in the fashionable *Ar de Triomphe* district, and took lunch there.

At three o'clock his Majesty, wearing a white waistcoat and silk hat, arrived at the Elysee Palace. A heavy shower of rain was falling at the time, but this did not prevent crowds of people lining the streets, and a special force of police was necessary to keep people back from the entrance.

Hearty cheers of "Long live the King" and "Long live King Edward" were given as his Majesty entered the palace.

In the courtyard of the Elysee a military salute was rendered by a regiment of infantry with banners and music.

His Majesty mounted the steps, smiling pleasantly at the cordial welcome. His stay lasted half an hour, and his interview with M. Loubet was of an extremely cordial nature.

#### RECEIVES M. DELCASSE.

At four o'clock the King received M. Delcasse, Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is understood that the conversation had reference to the Moroccan question, and the prospect of peace between Russia and Japan.

At a quarter to five the President arrived at the Hotel Bristol to return the King's visit.

Later in the evening a banquet was held at the Elysee in honour of the King. There were 120 guests, including presidents of both Chambers, members of the Government, and many French notables. The only incident which occurred during the day was outside the church this morning.

An enthusiastic photographer had mounted a ladder to get a better view of his Majesty, when, with an ominous cracking, ladder, photographer, and camera fell to the ground. Fortunately the only injury was to the apparatus, the photographer escaping unhurt.

#### HIS MAJESTY CHARMED.

PARIS, Saturday.—The "Temps" publishes the following from Marseilles:—

"King Edward, on landing, conferred with General Mathis, commanding the Fifteenth Army Corps, to whom he expressed his satisfaction at having visited Algeria, with which country he had not been previously acquainted. 'I have had a charming trip,' said his Majesty, 'very charming.'—Reuter.

According to official information received at Dover yesterday, his Majesty the King will return to England from Paris on Thursday next, crossing from Calais to Dover on the turbine steamer Queen

## ALPINE EARTHQUAKE.

Ten Seconds Shock Causes Alarm in  
Switzerland and France.

Switzerland and France have been sharing with England and India the unenviable distinction of an earthquake.

Early on Saturday morning shocks lasting for about ten seconds were experienced throughout the little Republic.

The centre of the disturbance was probably in the neighbourhood of Lake Geneva, or further eastward, in the canton of Valais, under the Bernese, Pennine, and Lepontine Alps.

At Chamounix considerable havoc was wrought, and at Argentiere the disturbance resulted in a new spring gushing from the ground and overflowing the River Arve. The church was so shaken that it is declared to be in a dangerous state.

The inhabitants of Bozel rushed out of their houses in great alarm, and both at Dijon and Montpelier sleepers were thrown violently from their beds and clocks were stopped. No cases of personal injury are recorded.

#### VOLCANO IN ERUPTION.

A telegram from Rome reports a violent eruption of the volcano Stromboli.

Professor Schultze, who was observing the phenomenon, was seriously injured by an explosion of gas, and several spectators were hurt by stones thrown up from the crater.

#### TORNADO IN TEXAS.

LAREDO (Texas), Saturday.—A tornado swept over this town last night, accompanied by heavy rain and hail. At intervals the wind attained hurricane velocity.

The rail houses of some Mexicans collapsed, and from twenty to twenty-five persons have lost their lives.—Reuter.

### KAID MACLEAN RETIRES.

Commanded Moorish Army and Drove a  
Hansom Through the Desert.

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean has retired from the service of the Sultan of Morocco with a pension.

When at Gibraltar, in 1876, then an officer in the 69th Foot, he was asked by the Sultan to become instructor to the troops at Tangier, so he resigned his commission and accepted the post.

The Sultan wanted a hansom cab—a mark of the progress of civilisation in Morocco—and Kaid Maclean was the only man who could drive it.

One of his achievements was the introduction of the tartan and bagpipes into Morocco.

### BETRAYED BY SPLENDOUR.

Disadvantages of Wearing Magnificent Jewels  
While Travelling Third Class.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—Richly clothed, wearing gorgeous rings and enormous diamond earrings, a negress was seen walking up and down in the Saint-Lazare Railway Station in Paris.

As she spoke no French she had great difficulty in making herself understood.

Finally she took a third class ticket for Cherbourg and settled herself in the train. But the fact of so expensively adorned a personage travelling by the humble third awakened suspicion, and a police inspector questioned her.

She proved to be an audacious thief named Jessie Sales, who had robbed her master and mistress of no less than £1,600, which was found on her, as well as jewels and a ball dress.

### TRAIN ON FIRE.

Four Lives Lost by Collision on American  
Railway.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—A special train chartered by Mr. Robert Ogden, a New York merchant, to carry a party of educationists and philanthropists on an annual excursion to the south in the interests of education, was to-day wrecked at Greenville, South Carolina by colliding with an engine which was shunting at the time.

Four railway employees were killed, and several passengers were injured.—Central News.

A journalist was thrown through the window of a dining-car while he was at breakfast. After the collision the train caught fire and was burned.

### "IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS."

Mr. Wat, the Middlesbrough man who was appointed to an important educational post at Dusseldorf, at a salary of £700 a year, rising to £1,200, has refused the post because it would involve his renouncing his British nationality.

His present salary is £200, rising to £350, but he has decided to place the love of country before the love of gold.

## CHOLERIC AUTHORS.

Two Scuffle at a Theatre, and a Third  
Slashes a Picture.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—A scuffle between two well-known literary men at midnight on Friday, during a full-dress rehearsal at the Varieties Theatre of a new play called "The Golden Age," is likely to lead to a sensational duel.

M. Desvallieres, one of the joint authors, struck M. Pierre Decourcelle in the face, and they had to be separated by their friends. Seconds are busy arranging a meeting.

In the "Journal" M. Decourcelle's account of the affray implies that his aggressor deliberately provoked a quarrel. He himself had attended several rehearsals at the request of M. Georges Feydeau, the collaborating author, with a view to suggesting "cuts." He was just about to leave the theatre when the altercation began.

Yesterday at the Salon there was an equally sensational incident during the luncheon hour.

It was a fashionable crowd that thronged the rooms during the morning, but, taking advantage of their almost deserted condition at the moment, M. André Gaucher, of the editorial staff of the "Aurion," savagely attacked with his walking-stick a portrait of General Percin, and badly lacerated the face before he could be dragged away.

He was, of course, taken into custody, but almost immediately released on bail. He recently horse-whipped a departmental prefect.

General Percin was Chief of the Staff at the War Office while General André was Minister. He has been boycotted by brother officers as a supporter of the spy system in connection with Freemasonry.

The Minister of War would not let him fight a duel with General Lagron, who publicly cut him at the horse show lately, and both officers have been confined to their quarters.

### GIRL RIDER KILLED.

Magistrate's Little Daughter Meets with  
Death Through Runaway Pony.

Under distressing circumstances Miss Dorothy Josephine Hirst, the eight-year-old daughter of Mr. Thomas J. Hirst, J.P., manufacturer, of Helham Hall, near Huddersfield, lost her life whilst out riding yesterday on a pony.

She was accompanied by her father's second coachman, Reginald Dyson, who was mounted on a horse.

Several miles had been covered safely, until Netherthorn Bar was reached.

There the pony stumbled, throwing the girl from the saddle. Her dress caught on the pommel of the saddle, and, with the child's head striking the roadway, the pony went off at a great pace about half a mile down the road.

The runaway was brought to a standstill by some workmen, but the poor child died almost as soon as a doctor had arrived on the scene.

### LABOUR WAR.

Tramcar Service at St. Helens Almost Stopped  
Through the Strike.

Much inconvenience has been caused at St. Helens by the strike of drivers and conductors on the tramways for an advance in wages.

Instead of forty cars on the Prescott and Rainhill section, only five were running on Saturday, and excited crowds gathered round the idle tramways as they paraded the streets.

The excitement was intensified by a sad fatality which occurred to Mr. William Williams, master of the Whiston Workhouse. He was on one of the cars when a trolley pole fell and killed him.

Riots are occurring at Chicago (U.S.A.), where a case of wagon-drivers is in progress affecting 250,000 men.

The merchants have subscribed £200,000 to fight the trade unionists who are organising the strike, and negroes are being imported to take the strikers' places.

### STOLEN RELICS—WOMAN ARRESTED.

The Liverpool police arrested a middle-aged woman in Liverpool late on Saturday night and charged her with having stolen the missing Napoleonic relics.

One of these is alleged to have been pawned by the accused in a Liverpool pawnshop some time ago, but the police decline to say whether it was the ring, the snuff-box, or the seal. It is not believed that the woman, whose name is withheld, is an expert thief.

### PIGMIES TO COME TO ENGLAND.

Colonel Harrison's pigmies from the Ituri Forest, Central Africa, are coming to England.

The Foreign Office and Lord Cromer have withdrawn their prohibition, and the pigmies will start from Cairo after resting for ten days.

## TSAR RULED BY HIS WIFE.

How the Young Empress Influences  
Russia's Policy.

### REMARKABLE STORY.

What part has the Empress of Russia played in the fateful drama which has been unrolling itself in St. Petersburg and at Tsarskoe Selo during the past months?

The world knows she is a beautiful woman, an intelligent woman, a woman with a will of her own.

Is she a woman who imposes that will upon a weak husband? Is it she who directs the policy of repression and "no surrender" which is bringing the autocracy nearer and nearer to its doom?

In the "National Review" this month there is a contribution by the author of the remarkable "Quarterly Review" article on the Tsar, which attracted so much attention last year. According to this writer, it is the iron will of the Empress which stiffens the weakness of the Tsar.

She works by gentle methods, but they are just the methods calculated to affect her husband, and her counsel has more weight than that of any statesman in the whole of the Tsar's wide dominions.

#### BRACING EXHORTATIONS.

The writer speaks of "the soft, feminine voice in the boudoir" which utters "loving words and bracing exhortations in the language of Shakespeare" (the Empress is a niece of King Edward, of course).

"Show that you are a real monarch," says this soft, sweet voice. "Make your will prevail. Touch the hearts of the people by distributing photographs of Tsar, Tsaritsa, and the baby, but do not go back a single step from the principle of autocracy. Show yourself a real autocrat who must be obeyed."

Of the Tsar the writer has the poorest opinion. He calls him "a sickly creature" who issues irrational commands. He speaks of his "voluptuous cunning." "For a real king in a heroic age the Russians would have died willingly. But Nicholas II., even at his best, fails to inspire them."

And we get a picture of the ruler of 140 millions amusing himself for hours on end by riding on a toy train round and round the Grand Duke Alexander's Palace with a party of children! No wonder he prefers the society of "women, priests, a.l. charlatans," and is shy of the company of strong, honest men.

### ROJESTVENSKY'S RUSE.

Tempting Togo from His Base by a Pacific  
Ocean Detour.

The "Trafalgar" of the Far East is still indefinitely postponed. That Rojestvensky will fight Togo soon or late seems inevitable, though whether in one decisive action or in a succession of attacks is problematical.

A rather convincing theory is promulgated by a Russian admiral in an interview with a correspondent of the "Echo de Paris."

He believes that Rojestvensky will not give Togo battle at present, but will make for the Pacific by way of the Straits of Macassar as soon as he is joined by the Third Baltic Squadron, under Nebogtoff.

The object of this diversion, it is surmised, will be to draw Togo as far as possible from the coasts of Japan, The Straits of Macassar lie between the islands of Borneo and Celebes, some 4,000 miles from Vladivostok.

The problem is whether Togo can take any such risks as would be involved by accepting Rojestvensky's challenge where the wily Russian elects to fight him.

#### RUSSIAN FLEET GOING TO SEA.

HONG KONG, Sunday.—The Steamer Stettin arrived having sighted thirty or forty vessels of the Baltic Fleet at Honkoko Bay, Annam, on Thursday afternoon.

Two cruisers which had their decks stacked with coal, signalled to the Stettin to stop, and questioned her.

The fleet was preparing to proceed to sea.—Reuter.

### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

As a result of "harnessing" the Canadian Niagara Falls, 25,000-horse power will be developed.

Professor Pickering, of Harvard University, has discovered a tenth satellite of Saturn by means of the Druce photographic telescope.

General Booth was entertained by the New Zealand Premier and Ministers, at Parliament Buildings, Wellington, on Saturday.

Belonging to Fecamp, France, the three-masted schooner St. George has been sunk after collision with an iceberg in the Atlantic. The crew were saved.



## SIR HENRY IRVING AS BECKET.

Our Greatest Actor's Reappearance  
a Complete Success.

### TRIUMPHANT WELCOME.

What is the secret of Sir Henry Irving's marvellous "grip" as an actor? It is hard to analyse. One has to take refuge in that wide term, "personality."

That he has a marvellous grip is beyond all question. Of other actors we say that sometimes they are good, sometimes indifferent, not seldom bad. We have only to see Sir Henry standing on the stage, only to hear him speak three words, to realise that he is in a class by himself. Never was this more fully realised than on Saturday evening at Drury Lane. All day long people had been waiting at the pit-doors. For weeks past the box office had been dealing with countless applications from enthusiasts anxious to see Sir Henry's reappearance in London. The huge theatre was packed.

Before the curtain rose Sir Henry was presented with a magnificent laurel wreath from his "old and loyal friends of the pit," accompanied by an address, and appeared deeply touched by the gift. After that a buzz of excitement and anticipation rose from every part of the house.

So loud was it that the first scene could scarcely be heard. When, after a moment's darkness, the lights gradually revealed the second scene, with Becket and King Henry playing chess, the buzz had given place to a dead silence. This lasted until Sir Henry could be plainly seen, and then there burst forth such a roar of cheering and hand-clapping and foot-stamping as can have been seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed, in any theatre in the world.

#### Many Dramatic Moments.

From that time to the end the performance was an ever-growing triumph. "Becket" is not a great play. Tennyson was far from being a great dramatist. But it has many dramatic moments, and far more interest than most of the dramas of to-day. Not a single point did the audience miss. Never did Sir Henry play more effectively the part of the soldier-statesman-priest who upheld the Church's interests against those of his headstrong King, and was murdered in his own cathedral of Canterbury by the ruffianly barons who so hated and feared him.

All the actor's mannerisms seemed to have dropped away. He spoke distinctly. He walked without a trace of the familiar slouch. The force of his imagination reproduced with thrilling effect the fearless dignity of Becket, his tenderness to the weak, his love and care for his followers, his iron will. Every moment he was on the stage he gripped attention. He showed us once more what great acting means.

A minute and a half the house cheered when he came on, two minutes after the first act, two and a half after the second, one after the third (Sir Henry does not appear in that), three and a quarter after the fourth. As for the applause at the end, it lasted for a good quarter of an hour.

### "THE LITTLE MICHUS."

Charming Light Opera Replaces Musical Comedy at Daly's Theatre.

"Which is the more charming of the two Little Michus" is the question which everyone was asking at Daly's Theatre on Saturday evening, when Mr. George Edwardes produced "The Little Michus," a light opera by Messager. Both Miss Mabel Green, Mr. Edwardes's "find" in the chorus, and Miss Adrienne Augarde are delightful, and so was the play.

It did not prove itself quite a new "Veronique," but when that has been said, there is nothing but praise left. The music is both tuneful and good; there is quite a distinct story, and the dresses—those of the First Empire in France—are very picturesque.

The story of "The Little Michus" is that of two little girls, one the daughter of the General des Isles and the other of Monsieur and Madame Michu, worthy old shopkeepers, who have been mixed up in early childhood. The complications which ensue can easily be guessed.

There is such a collection of men comedians that there is not really a fair chance for them all. Mr. Willie Edouin is the general, and grew steadily funnier from his appearance in the second act to the end, and the pity is that he does not appear earlier. Mr. Huntley Wright is his servant, and at his best, but there is not enough of him.

#### FOOT-WARMER FATALITY.

Mrs. Ann Hurd, of Burslem, Staffs, attempted to put a hot oven-burnt in bed to warm her feet, having saturated her nightdress with camphorated oil.

In moving the oven door her nightdress was ignited, and she was so seriously burned that she died.

## THIRTEEN-FOOT TRAIN.

What Future German Empress Will Wear at Her Wedding.

No royal bride ever went to the altar in a more beautiful wedding-dress than that which the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will wear when she is married to the German Crown Prince next month.

This beautiful dress will be exhibited publicly in Paris and Berlin.

The London manager of Messrs. Redfern, on Saturday gave the *Daily Mirror* a few particulars of the details of the costume. "The dress," he said, "will consist of white tulle, with rich silver embroidery, over a satin train of scarlet red velvet, also minutely embroidered in silver.

"The most elaborate part of the dress will be the train, which is over thirteen feet long, and is embroidered in designs containing roses, carnations, edelweiss, forget-me-nots, and other flowers, the border being finished in arabesque.

"The dress is certainly one of the most wonderful 'creations' ever attempted, and we have no doubt that it will meet with the approval of the Duchess."

### PEER ON PAUPERS.

Lord Northbourne Says They Are as Well Attended as Himself.

Lord Northbourne, as a guardian, opposed a scheme for additional hospital accommodation at Easby Union, near Dover, on the ground that the present system of administration is a "subtle and insidious method of getting rid of the ratepayers' money."

If he were ill, said his lordship, he was sure he would have as good attendance, food, and nourishment in the Union infirmary as in his own house.

The workhouse, he considered, ought not to provide quite the same advantages as those had who maintained themselves by their own industry outside. The proposal was deferred for a conference.

### £8,000,000 LOST TO LONDON.

Terrors of Consumption Plague Put Into Plain but Impressive Figures.

There are 80,000 people in London to-day who are suffering from various forms of tuberculosis. So stated Dr. Latham, the prize essayist of the King's Sanatorium, at the annual meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund at the Mansion House on Saturday.

Of these 40,000 were suffering from consumption, and figures showed that out of every sixty-five people in the metropolis one at least would be dead in five years from a preventable disease, which owed its origin to filth.

At least one-third of the deaths took place in Poor Law institutions, and it would not be far out to put London's annual loss from the disease at £8,000,000.

He recommended the establishment of institutions where for a small fee people could be medically examined and the disease thus early detected.

### WOMAN IN BLACK.

Ghost in Grey Shawl That Haunts Lonely Road and Suddenly Vanishes.

Birkenhead is preening itself on the possession of a really first-class ghost.

This takes the form of a woman in black with a grey shawl, and the visitant makes her appearance on the lonely and unlighted Woodchurch-road, on the borders of the borough.

A cyclist announces that the figure suddenly appeared so close to his front wheel that he had to apply the brake and then the apparition disappeared.

All who have seen the ghost agree as to description, sudden appearance, and equally sudden vanishing, but some say that at times it gives vent to a dismal wail.

Some years ago, it is stated, a lady disappeared from the neighbourhood and was not heard of again. Many people associate this incident with the present mysterious appearances.

### DUKE AND CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

A Dover chimney-sweep named Baker, appealing to the local guardians to be relieved from the maintenance of his son, aged eighteen, in the county asylum, quoted in support of his contention the case in which the Duke of Marlborough was held not to be responsible for the maintenance of his son, the Marquis of Blandford, after he was sixteen years old.

"I cannot," he said, "assume a law to grant relief to a duke and not to a chimney-sweep." The board's clerk, however, advised that the cases were not identical, as the young Marquis was not a lunatic.

## DESIGNED "BIG BEN."

Death of Lord Grimthorpe, the Peer Clockmaker.

### MAN OF HOBBIES.

A personality of great interest to Englishmen, on account of the versatility of his genius, passed away on Saturday morning in the person of Lord Grimthorpe.

His death took place at Batchwood, St. Albans, and was the outcome of heart failure, probably aggravated by a fall his lordship sustained last week.

Lord Grimthorpe has left a lasting memorial to his skill and determination in "Big Ben," the world-renowned clock at Westminster.

When the making of this clock was first contemplated, Lord Grimthorpe—then Mr. Beckett-Denison—secured the permission of the Astronomer-Royal to allow a variation of one minute a week. Five seconds a week was ample, said Mr. Beckett-Denison, and so it was proved when the clock was made from his designs by Mr. Dent.

Another hobby was architecture. When he undertook the restoration of St. Albans Cathedral he provoked much discussion, and even censure, by deciding to be his own architect. Afterwards he wished to restore St. Peter's Church, St. Albans, and it was suggested that a committee should be appointed to supervise the work. But Lord Grimthorpe would have none of it—"not even if it were composed of angels," he said.

The great cause pulpit in the nave of the cathedral provoked some disapproval. "They call it Lord Grimthorpe's jam-pot," said an attendant to the late Duke of Teck. "I should rather call it a beer-vat," laughingly replied the Duke.

Successful as Lord Grimthorpe was with these "hobbies," in the days when he was known as Mr. Edward Beckett he was a very celebrated Parliamentary lawyer, making enormous sums at the Bar. At the time of his death his wealth was so great that it would not be far short of the truth to call him "a millionaire lawyer."

The successor to the peerage is his nephew, Mr. Ernest Beckett, Conservative M.P. for the Whitley Division.

This, of course, means that there will be a by-election to be fought within the next few weeks. At the last election Major Ernest W. Beckett, Conservative, was returned unopposed.

### "ASSISTED" MATRIMONY.

Marquis's Dowry Enables Pretty Girl to Become a Happy Bride.

Miss Caroline Virgin, this year's successful applicant for the "Butte Dowry," was married on Saturday at Cardiff, and after the ceremony was presented, at the Town Hall, with the sum of £300 1s.

Every year the interest on £1,000, set apart by the late Lord Butte for this purpose, is given to a deserving girl of the poorer class whose marriage might be impeded by lack of means.

In accordance with the terms of the dowry, the mayor read to the newly-married couple the first eleven verses of the second chapter of St. John's Gospel.

A bedstead and a Bible accompanied the gift this year.

The happy bridegroom's name is Mr. Arthur James Orm.

### MAY-DAY REVELS.

Poles Plaited and Queens Enthroned in Unromantic London.

This is May-Day. Though its glories have in great measure departed with the growth of towns and the decay of village life, the pretty English festival is not quite forgotten.

But Monday is not a good day for holiday-making, and consequently the majority of May-Day celebrations took place on Saturday.

At Whitelands Training College, Chislea, the Queen of the May was Miss Evelyn Farthing. Owing to the rain the maypole was transferred to the hall of the college. Eight queens of past years attended.

Eighty boys and girls of Bermondsey—where the Merrie May festival has been "revivified" on Saturday evening at the Manor Hall, where Queen Leina Lindo was crowned by the mayor, and the maypole was plaited in her honour.

To-day the Stock Exchange transacts no business.

### CAMBRIDGE MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

Cambridge is still mystified by the disappearance of Mr. Freeman, a local brewer, and one of the best known public men in the town.

Mr. Freeman was last seen twelve days ago, when he left for London on business. It is believed he went on to Parkstone, whence he sent home his luggage.

## OCEAN MOTOR BOAT TRIP.

Mr. S. F. Edge and Napier Major Safely Reach the Shetlands.

Mr. S. F. Edge, the famous and intrepid motorist, has successfully concluded his pioneer motor-boat non-stop run from the Thames to the Shetland Islands in the Napier Major.

The good news reached London late on Saturday night embodied in the following telegram:—

Stromsøy (10.39), Apr. 29, 1905.

Arrived off South Shetlands mid-day Friday blowing gale, heavy seas, and misty weather caused us to run under the lee of the North Orkneys.—EVANS.

Mr. Edge left the Temple Pier at 2 p.m. on Thursday, April 28. The crew consisted of Mr. Arthur F. Evans, "in command"; Mr. W. Heaman, "chief mate"; an engineer, and a steward-cook.

The voyage has been most difficult and dangerous. As soon as she got out of shelter of the land she felt the full force of the heavy wind blowing, and Mr. Evans thought it inadvisable to try and press against the wind and sea. So he kept slowly moving until the wind got a little more westerly.

Then he went straight ahead, and was sighted off Aldeburgh by Lloyd's, who wired that she passed their signal station there at 12.30 p.m. yesterday week.

She passed Lowestoft at 3 a.m. on the morning of last Tuesday, and was afterwards sighted off Scarborough struggling bravely against wind and sea.

### MARRIED BY SIGNS.

Deaf Mutes Wedded in Presence of Silent but Interested Friends.

There were no cheers at the wedding of Miss Eleanor Baines and Mr. Sidney Scott at the Church of St. John the Divine, Brixton, last Saturday, over thirty excited deaf and dumb friends watched the interesting ceremony.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Scott have been deaf mutes since babyhood.

The service was conducted by the Rev. W. Raper, who is chaplain of the south-eastern district of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb.

Not a sound was heard in the church as Mr. Raper translated the service to the bride and bridegroom by means of the deaf and dumb language, and everyone strained to catch a glimpse of the principals making their responses by signs.

After the service Mr. and Mrs. Scott repeated the most important of these responses specially for the *Daily Mirror*, and the result will be found in the interesting photographs on page 8.

### "ORDERED SOUTH."

Lord Selborne Sails to Begin a New and Momentous Career.

To take up his responsible duties as High Commissioner for South Africa, the Earl of Selborne sailed from Southampton on Saturday.

As a Hampshire man he was specially congratulated before his departure by deputations representing the corporations of Southampton and Winchester, and the Southampton Chamber of Commerce, all of whom wished him Godspeed.

Lord Selborne laughed heartily when one worthy alderman of Winchester reminded him of his boyish exploits at Winchester College.

Lord Selborne, with his usual geniality, acknowledged their felicitations, and then embarked upon the Union Castle liner Walmer Castle, with his son, Lord Wolmer, and Captain the Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, his military secretary.

Escorted by the Enchantress, the Walmer Castle steamed away amid the hearty cheers of the crowd, acknowledged by the Earl of Selborne and Lord Wolmer from the upper decks.

### "HAPPY BONDS OF ART."

Prince of Wales Coins a Felicitous Phrase at the Royal Academy Banquet.

"Happy but powerful bonds of art" was a felicitous expression employed by the Prince of Wales at the Royal Academy banquet on Saturday evening, with reference to the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall at Calcutta, the foundation-stone of which, he said, he hoped to lay during his visit to India next winter.

The Prince congratulated Mr. Luke Fildes on the "fine and dignified" portrait of the Queen hanging in the Large Gallery, where the banquet took place.

He hoped that a collection of modern art would be established in Dublin side by side with the Irish National Gallery.

### WEDDING AVENUE OF STEEL.

Through an avenue of steel formed by the swords of naval officers, Lieutenant B. W. M. Fairbairn, R.N., and his bride (née Miss Alice Mary Philipps) walked, after their wedding, at Plymouth on Saturday.



## MARKYATE CAR FATALITY.

Further Hearing of the Charge  
Against the Chauffeur.

### CONFLICTING EVIDENCE.

Hundreds of people unable to obtain a place within assembled outside the Town Hall at Hemel Hempstead on Saturday, intent on catching a glimpse of Rocco Cornalbas, the Spanish chauffeur to be brought up on remand with furiously driving a motor-car, and thus causing the death of Willie Clifton at Markyate on April 18.

It was shortly after ten when he arrived in the custody of a police-officer. Mr. Arthur Garbett, Wellington, Salop, brewer's manager, and Mr. Alfred Henry Richards, Walcot, near Wellington, farmer, both of whom were also in the motor-car at the time of the accident, were present in court.

They were represented by Mr. F. C. Wills Durrant. Mr. Arthur Gill appeared for the accused, Mr. J. Harvey Murphy prosecuted, and Mr. Muir wished the interests of Mr. Hildebrand Harnsworth, the owner of the car.

At the outset Mr. Muir obtained leave to say: "Mr. Hildebrand Harnsworth, owner of the motor-car driven by the accused, desires me to state, subject to your courtesy, that he was not aware until Saturday, April 22—could not have been aware—that it was his car that was the cause of this most lamentable accident."

"Immediately Mr. Hildebrand Harnsworth heard that it was his car he sent to Scotland Yard. Inspector Fowler came down to Euston, with the result that the accused immediately surrendered to the Herts police."

"Allow me to say this further on behalf of Mr. Harnsworth, that he has done all that he could by money payment to mitigate the sufferings of the relatives of the unfortunate boy."

No Marks of a Wheel.

Dr. Edwards was the first witness, and said he found no marks of the child having been run over by the wheel of the motor-car. It was not inconsistent with instant death that the child should have been observed to roll his eyes on being picked up.

A retired grocer named Seymour, of Laurel-road, St. Albans, said he was cycling to St. Albans, and met a car about a mile from Markyate, which was "going very erratic." It was coloured dark green, lined white, and it was going so fast that he could not tell exactly whether there were three or four persons in it. He could not see the number for dust. But he was quite sure about the white line, which was a quarter of an inch wide.

Later, when he heard of the accident, he made a sketch of the back part of the car, which was produced in court.

Only Saw One Car.

It did not keep a straight course, and though it made a great deal of noise no horn was blown. He did not see more than one car between Dunstable and Markyate, which was unusual.

On Saturday week he wrote to the police officer at Markyate:

Dear Sir,—The Markyate tragedy. The car passed me on Tuesday about a quarter of a mile from Markyate, and on arriving there about five minutes afterwards I saw the woman, and was told the child was dead.

That was about 3.50. I told them to go to the station and wire to St. Albans, and have dark green car with white lines stopped, containing three or four people, one man with a light overcoat and motor-cap on.

A Markyate road-foreman in the employ of the Herts County Council said he was working on the car passed at a fast pace—twenty-five to twenty-six miles an hour. It did not slacken as it reached the cottages. It seemed to twist immediately after passing some carts. It did not make much dust.

Mr. Albert Durrant, a Flamstead grocer, who was walking in Markyate at the time of the accident, said the car passed him at the second of the carts, some forty yards from the cottages. He heard the driver sound his horn, and one horse "capered about a bit."

Turning to watch the car, he saw the child running towards the cottages. "Surely the child must be killed," he said to himself; and then the car struck the child and the mudguard knocked him backwards.

Nobody in the car stood up and looked round, although he whistled. The speed seemed to increase, for "it got out of sight pretty fast."

The boy might have run from behind the cart, but he did not see him. It was true that he said at the inquest on Thursday week that the motor-car turned towards the houses to escape the child.

In reply to Mr. Gill he said he could swear the mudguard struck the child on the head, but not that the speed was not reduced.

Mr. Gill asked for bail, but Mr. Murphy objected. He said the accused's occupation had gone in this country, and there was nothing to prevent him taking a steamer across the Channel.

The chairman announced he would consider the question next Saturday, and Cornalbas was again remanded in custody.

## TRUNK TRAGEDY.

Little Stanley Devereux Still Ignorant  
of His Mother's Fate.

Arthur Devereux, the man accused of murdering his wife and children and packing them away in a tin trunk, is now confined in Brixton Prison in an observation cell. The fact that it is only when their sanity is questioned that prisoners are placed in this cell is significant.

On Saturday he was supplied with several law books for the purpose of preparing his defence, which he says will be an astonishing one.

Little Stanley Devereux, now with Mrs. Gregory, his grandmother, is still unaware of the terrible fate that has overtaken his mother and his little brothers. The poor little chap, who is a fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon, thinks his mother and brothers are in the country. "But they will soon be home now," he told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday as he played with his books and toys.

He believes that "Mamma is ill, and has gone to hospital," and that Evelyn and Rowland have gone to a public nursery.

His father, he said, used to read his fairy story-books to him in bed after the others went away. He wonders wherever his father can be. Detectives sometimes kindly take him for rides on tram-cars.

Mrs. Gregory has just had news of her missing son, who vanished at Ramsgate two years ago. Her niece, having read of this dreadful trunk tragedy in the newspapers, has written assuring her that he is alive.

With so much trouble on her shoulders it is not surprising that Mrs. Gregory is beginning to show signs of collapse. Early yesterday morning she had a fainting fit.

M. PADEREWSKI ILL.



The celebrated pianist, who is now at Niagara Falls, has been compelled to cancel his concert engagements owing to an attack of neuritis. (London Stereo Co.)

## AFFECTION AND CRIME.

Pretty Girl Who Said She Robbed Her Father  
for Her Lover's Sake.

There were the elements of romance in the story told by Florence Elizabeth Nash, an attractive servant girl of sixteen, who admitted at the Tower Bridge Police Court on Saturday that she had robbed her father of £7 10s.

She stated that she was supplied with the keys by the young man to whom she was engaged, and she bought clothes for the children of her fiancé's mother.

The young man denied in court that he knew anything about the matter, and remained steadfast to his statement, despite the appeals of his sweetheart.

The magistrate said that under the circumstances he would bind her over to come up for judgment if called upon, and when her father, whom she had robbed, promised to become surety, she burst into tears.

## AUTOMATIC POLICE CALL.

Police telephone boxes, by which the aid of a policeman can be called promptly to any spot, are being tried in main thoroughfares at Finsbury Park, New Cross Gate, and Welling.

A white disc indicates that the constable is required. He steps into the box, and holding the receiver to his ear, finds out where and why he is needed.

Mr. Williams, master of Prescott (Lancs.) Union Workhouse, while riding on an electric tramcar, was instantaneously killed by the trolley falling on him.

## HARMLESS SMOKE.

Chrysanthemums as the Weed of  
the Future.

### STRANGE VIRTUES.

Since he announced in the "Lancet" the successful trial of chrysanthemum petals as a substitute for tobacco, Dr. A. W. Martin, medical officer of health for Gorton, near Manchester, has been overwhelmed with inquiries as to the proper method of preparing and smoking the flower of Japan.

"The method of preparation," said Dr. Martin to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "is very simple. Place the petals on a sheet of paper on the top of a hot oven, and when thoroughly dry they are ready for use."

"Rolled in the long direction they can be smoked as cigarettes in the ordinary way. If used in a pipe they should be crushed in the hands."

### Pipe Fascination.

Dr. Martin informs the *Daily Mirror* that he was influenced in making his experiments by the number of patients who consulted him, and whose cough was due to the effects of tobacco.

Such smokers were miserable when deprived of their customary pipe. Indeed, it was rarely the case that the patient did not ask if some substitute for tobacco might not be used.

The petals of the brown varieties, when dried, look much like rough tobacco. Chrysanthemum petals, Dr. Martin says, are quite harmless, and the white flowers are even eaten as salad.

In addition to their use in cases of weak heart, one case is recorded of a man cured of chronic dyspepsia associated with epileptic fits.

After suffering for fifteen years the man began smoking chrysanthemum mixed with cascarilla, with the result that the fits have completely ceased, and his whole physical condition has vastly improved.

Whether others similarly affected can be benefited to the same degree," says Dr. Martin, "can only be proved by extended trials. This will be done when the flowers come into season again."

Dr. Martin's discovery has caused some inquiry already in London for these leaves.

Unfortunately the flowers will not come in season until July, when a few early ones can be obtained. As there has never before been a demand for chrysanthemum petals, no store of dried leaves exists.

## UP AND DOWN THE POLE.

Curious Police Pursuit After a Man Charged  
with Stealing Telephone Wires.

"A man is up the pole cutting telephone wires down," was the message received at Elsey by Joseph Barnett, an inspector of police on the London and South-Western Railway.

He told the Kingston magistrates on Saturday that he went down the line, and near the Moie signal-box saw Joseph Fletcher, a young man of Waterloo-road, up one of the poles.

When the latter saw Barnett he climbed down, and then, up again, and then down again.

Then he made off as swiftly as he could, and Barnett, discarding mackintosh, belt, and cape, gave pursuit for about half a mile over ploughed fields.

Hardly pressed, Fletcher threw off his coat and disappeared, but he was arrested at Wallon, where he was so violent that the police had to tie his legs together.

Fletcher was remanded.

## DEATH PREVENTS AN ARREST.

Arthur Brown, a mechanic, failing to appear at Leicester Police Court on Saturday to answer a summons for an alleged assault upon his wife, a warrant was issued for his arrest. The warrant, however, could not be executed, for the man was actually lying dead in the public mortuary when the magistrates made out the order. The body had been taken from the local canal.

## JUST MISSED THE HEART.

In an Aldersgate-street public-house on Saturday a quarrel between Denis Sullivan and a former lodger of his, named Burchall, on a question of rent, came to a climax in the stabbing of the latter with a penknife by Sullivan.

Burchall, who is at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, had a remarkable escape from death, a rib just deflecting the knife-blade from his heart. Sullivan was arrested.

## SAD CLOSE TO POLICE CAREER.

After being for over twenty years in charge of the F division of Scotland Yard and forty years in the police force, Superintendent Ferret has just been removed to Colney Hatch Asylum.

## MARRIED WEDDINGS.

Happy Events Disturbed by Sad or  
Untoward Incidents.

A number of untoward circumstances are recorded in regard to recent marriages in various parts of the country.

An unpleasant scene was witnessed at the wedding of a widower at one of the fashionable churches at Leicester.

The match apparently annoyed the friends of the first wife, who, after the ceremony, took up so threatening an attitude outside the church that bride and bridegroom did not venture out for some time.

Ultimately a diplomatic verger diverted the attention of the crowd, whilst the happy pair made good their escape.

When a bridal party attended on Saturday at a Farnworth church they were surprised to find the doors locked, and neither parson nor any officer on the scene.

The ceremony had been postponed from a previous day, and the bridegroom had forgotten to warn the minister and verger of the time they wished the knot tied. The marriage ultimately took place a little later.

On her daughter's wedding day Mrs. Berridge, of Marsh Rails, died in the Spalding (Lincs.) Infirmary from typhoid fever, supposed to have been contracted by eating mussels. The bride was not informed of the sad event until after the nuptials.

A rather serious accident befell Mr. and Mrs. Gabn Wilkins between Coudon and Mersham. The couple are spending their honeymoon on a motor-car. The vehicle was overturned and both bride and bridegroom were injured.

## IN A SECRET CHAMBER.

Deserter's Asylum in Unsuspected Attic of  
His Sweetheart's House.

Quite like an old romance reads the adventure of Private Hart, of the Norfolk Regiment, who deserted just before Christmas and hid himself in a secret chamber in his sweetheart's house.

Esther Annie Cross, of Brightlinges, his sweetheart's mother, was on Saturday sentenced to a month's imprisonment for harbouring a deserter, she and her daughter protesting they were ignorant of the fact that Hart was a deserter.

The police had seen a strange man about, and had searched the house three times without success.

One day they paid a surprise visit, and found a bedroom cupboard open and a chair standing on a box inside.

A trapdoor above led to a chamber just under the roof, and here the deserter was found.

## LOVE MAKING BY BLOWS.

Masterful Wooer Strikes His Sweetheart to  
Make Her Marry Him.

Peruda Hudson was so desperately in love with Miss Harriet Smith, of Blackburn, that he tried with blows to force her to marry him.

She had persistently refused to be his wife after an eighteen months' courtship.

To the Blackburn magistrate on Saturday Miss Smith, a pretty girl of twenty-one, said that while walking in a field, after going to convent church, Hudson seized her and said, "Now I am going to make you my wife."

He throttled her, threw her down, struck her several times in the face, knocked out a tooth, and then a handkerchief in her mouth to stifle her screams.

So far from winning a bride by these methods, the masterful wooer has gone to prison for six months.

## "CANTANKEROUS OLD WOMAN."

"You are a cantankerous old woman, Mrs. Walker," said Mr. Baggallay, at Greenwich Police Court on Saturday.

Mrs. Walker said she had given the women work out of charity, but they complained that she paid them no wages and gave them only one meal between 8 a.m. and midnight.

The summons was dismissed, with five shillings costs against Mrs. Walker.

## TRIBULATIONS OF A FATHER.

A man with five grown-up sons and one daughter asked the magistrate at Worship-street on Saturday to assist him in getting rid of his family.

Magistrate: You can turn your children out if they are earning their own living.

Applicant: Oh, they are stronger than me. Can't you send them a bit of paper to get out?

Magistrate: No; but I should advise you to keep your money in your own pocket and provide for yourself, or you might consult a solicitor.

The applicant left, the court looking a sadder and very little wiser man.



## FATAL CURSE OF BEAUTY.

Why "Cæsar" Young and His Wife  
Did Not Sail for Europe.

### TRAGEDY IN THE CAB.

In the preceding chapters we have told something of the extraordinary life-story of Nan Patterson, the American "Florodora" girl, who is being tried in New York for the murder of "Cæsar" Young, a bookmaker.

In 1902 Nan Patterson, while playing in San Francisco, attracted a young Californian rancher. After leading him on she finally refused to marry him, and the unfortunate fellow committed suicide. The following day Nan left for a holiday at Los Angeles, and while on the journey met "Cæsar" Young, who invited her to go to the races at Los Angeles with him.

Young was warned by some friends of the girl's reputation, but took no heed. Gradually he fell under the influence of her beauty, and before she returned to San Francisco he was completely in her power.

He took her to New York and established her in magnificently furnished apartments. For a year Young recklessly squandered money over the girl. Then he grew tired of the city, and they returned to Los Angeles. But Nan Patterson's infatuation was waning, and gradually he returned to his old interests. The girl made a supreme effort to regain his devotion, but failed.

Mrs. Young followed them to California, and her husband promised to have nothing more to do with the girl. They returned to New York, and Nan Patterson followed. One night he met her again. He agreed to see her sometimes, but would not renew the old relationship.

Then one evening Mrs. Young opened a letter from Nan Patterson's sister. She spoke to her husband and asked him to leave New York for a time. On the eve of their departure for Europe Young sees Nan Patterson again. She declares that she knows of his intention, and that he will not sail the following day.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### The Death of "Cæsar" Young.

Shortly before seven o'clock in the morning Young told his wife that he was going out to get shaved and to buy a hat. "I will meet you at the pier," he said as he kissed her.

An hour later Young met Nan Patterson and told her he was indeed going off to Europe that morning. The girl was very much agitated, and did her best to persuade him not to go.

The man laughed at her and invited her to go down and see him off. "Here's a cab," he said; "you can drive down with me."

They drove through the city towards the pier. On the way Nan Patterson implored him again and again not to leave her. They had reached Walker-street, West Broadway, and a few minutes would have brought them to the pier, when the fatal shot was fired.

According to a witness, the two appeared to be having a good-natured scuffle in the cab. As this man—Mr. A. C. Meyer—told the story in court, Young was seated on the right-hand side of the woman.

"His back was towards me," said the witness; "the woman was sitting, had turned, facing him. Her hands were up as though she were trying to push him away or hold him. It was an amusing struggle to me until I saw that the man in the hansom had a bright-looking revolver in his hand."

#### His Arm Round Her Neck.

"When the cab came near me the man jumped up and threw his right arm around the woman's neck. She seemed to be greatly agitated, and struggled to free herself. Something was said by both, and I thought from the whole affair that the man was only making a bluff with the pistol."

The cab passed along the street. From a few yards lower down came the sound of a shot, and a little cloud of smoke floated up from the cab. The driver pulled up and several people rushed towards the vehicle. Nan Patterson had Young's head upon her shoulder and was kissing him hysterically.

When spoken to she appeared stupefied and dazed. Such is the story of Nan Patterson, who is being tried for the third time in New York. She declares that Young shot himself. Evidence has been given to prove that this was impossible—that the man could not have turned the weapon upon himself, owing to his position in the cab. During the past few days an amazing number of people have been broken down, and the tide of popular opinion in the United States is now setting in favour of Nan Patterson.

### POTATO-PEELING TOURNAMENT.

Potato-peeling for prizes is the alluring competition by which Mr. Horace Pearce, of Pearce and Plenty, will, next Wednesday evening, foster the spirit of honourable rivalry among the boys in his employment.

The competition will be held at 62a, South-wark-street, and the teams will consist of two lads from each of the firm's establishments.

## INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Local patriotism is at a discount at Ramshotton (Lanc.). At a meeting of the burial board a member said that the cemetery ought to receive more support from the ratepayers in the matter of interments.

After fifty and a half years in the service, Mr. J. W. P. Gregson, postmaster of Halifax, retired on Saturday.

Polo is increasing in popularity in Sussex. At a meeting at Keymer it has been decided to form the Southdown Polo Club.

Ordered to bed by his father for playing truant, an Edinburgh boy named Reilly jumped out of the window into the street, a distance of 32ft. His condition is serious.

Recent experiments in Liverpool to overcome the dust nuisance in the streets seem to point to eventual success in the use of certain kinds of oil in the place of water on macadamised roads.

Mr. John Evans, president of the Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn Association, has just sold a bull and two heifers to establish what he believes will be the first shorthorn herd in Chilli.

As a result of his decision to give up farming the Earl of Drogheda's cattle, sheep, horses, implements, etc., will all be sold by auction to-day at Grange Farm, Moore Abbey, Monasterevan.

Lawyers' clerks at Leeds have formed an association for the promotion of good-fellowship between legal assistants, to cement the relationship between them and their employers, and to afford mutual instruction and help.

Warwick claims to possess in Miss Owen the oldest Sunday school teacher in the United Kingdom. She has taught for eighty-two years, and although she is now in her ninety-fourth year, still takes a class every Sunday.

Audacity led to the capture of a thief at Blackpool. He had stolen a left boot from a shop, and had the impudence to return and ask if they had an odd boot for the right foot. He was recognised, and sent to gaol for twenty-one days.

In memory of John Peel, the famous huntsman, a golf course has been formed on Ellerbeck Common, near Caldbec, Cumberland.

Mr. Edward Tester, of Ardingly, Sussex, at the age of eighty-four has just resigned the post of parish clerk, which he has held for forty-seven years.

Attached to the other end of the rope with which George Bradley, a Halifax coal merchant, hanged himself was a fender which he had used as a counterweight.

Armed with pickets and sticks, three men descended a disused pit at Disley, Cheshire, and captured two fine badgers, who fought savagely for half an hour.

In an old hat which had been carried away by the wind and lodged in the branches of a tree at Great Burstead, Essex, a tomcat has built a nest and is contentedly hatching its eggs.

Deploping the dearth of curates, the rector of Bathwick, Somerset, told his parishioners that for two and a half years, when in the north of England, he advertised for a third curate without success. He has been advertising for another in Bath since September.

Through the parish magazine the vicar of St. Aidan's, Carlisle, who is vacating the incumbency, has addressed an extraordinary valedictory letter to his flock. He says: "The very kindest thing that I can do for St. Aidan's is just to clear out. You want a rough and tumble fellow for rough and tumble work."

## LATE LORD GRIMTHORPE AND HIS SUCCESSOR.



Lord Grimthorpe, the designer of "Big Ben," who died at St. Albans at the age of eighty-nine.—(Elliott and Fry.)



Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P., nephew of the late Lord Grimthorpe, who succeeds to the title.—(Rosemon.)

Stretched at full length on the top of a pantry shelf in a house at Walsall, two burglars were discovered and neatly captured.

Bangor episcopal palace has lost its ancient gateway. It has been removed, and now serves as the principal approach to the cathedral.

Useful presents given to a Halifax bride and bridegroom on their marriage included a clothes-horse and a mouse-trap from a lady friend.

Under cover of darkness someone broke into Mr. H. Lamin's stables at Bestwood, Notts, and cut off the hair from the tails of eight horses.

For the purpose of balancing the spire of St. Michael's, Blackburn, which menaces the safety of the public, a huge box containing two tons of stone is suspended inside.

During the winter the cost of stone and the breaking of it by the unemployed at Stoke-on-Trent amounted to £493. The same quantity of broken stone could have been purchased for £389.

West Riding (Yorks) postmen have passed a resolution protesting against the action of the Postmaster-General in constituting himself the arbiter in the case of postmen's wages after a Committee of his own approval had reported favourably on their case.

Remarkable finds of beautifully-worked flint implements and other relics have been made by Mr. Sanders, of Cold Kirby, the well-known North Yorkshire antiquary, on Hambleton Plain, near Thirsk. Five or six arrow-heads were lying close together.

Two hours after he had taken possession of the New Inn, Fleure-de-Lis, a village on the border of Monmouthshire, the landlord requested two of a number of friends who had welcomed him to leave. They refused, pulled the host's tie off, and pushed the landlady out. Fines of 20s. and costs followed.

## NINE-YEAR-OLD CHILD HEROINE.

Plunges Into a Deep Stream and  
Saves a Baby's Life.

### TO-DAY'S PICTURES.

Eva Houghton, the child of nine years old, whose photograph is reproduced on page 9, fully deserves the title of heroine. Well knowing the danger which she ran, she saved a younger child from drowning at the imminent risk of her own life.

A crowd of little children were playing near a deep brook at Alrewas, a little town in East Staffordshire, when there was a sudden outcry—a two-year-old child named Willie Scattergood was nowhere to be found. Not knowing whether he had gone, other children ran hither and thither, but Eva Houghton, guessing what had become of him, ran directly to the brook, which was then in flood.

There she saw the child's body being rapidly carried along by the rush of water. It was a situation which might well have made the boldest hesitate, for a few yards lower down the brook ran through a culvert under a large mill, and to be drawn into that culvert, the child knew, meant death.

#### JUMPED INTO THE WATER.

But without hesitation she ran after the floating little one, jumped into the brook, and clutched at his clothes.

The stream carried them rapidly down to the dreaded culvert. Little Eva Houghton waited until they reached it, and then, still holding the baby with one hand, with the other reached up and clung to the brickwork of the culvert. The force of the water nearly tore her away, but, screaming loudly for help, she kept her hold on both the bricks and the clothes of the little child. In this terrible position the two stayed for an appreciable time.

Fortunately a Mr. Lander, who was gardening within easy distance, heard her cries, and rushing to the spot succeeded in saving both children, whom he believes a few seconds later would have been sucked in by the rush of water and drowned.

Anxious to recognise the bravery of Eva Houghton, the teachers and scholars of the local schools have just presented her with a handsome Bible, with full particulars of her heroism inserted therein.

#### BOY AUTHOR OF SCIENTIFIC BOOK.

Hector Macpherson, whose photograph is reproduced on page 8, has distinguished himself by having written a book entitled, "Astronomers of To-day," which, published by an Edinburgh firm at 7s. 6d., has earned the author the praise of such distinguished astronomers as Sir William Huggins and Flammarion.

Young Macpherson began to study his subject at the early age of twelve, and he has an observatory fitted up in his father's house near Balerno, ten miles from Edinburgh. He has never been at school, his father, a well-known journalist, having superintended his education. But he will shortly enter for Edinburgh University with hopes of gaining a science degree.

### REDDEST OF RED-TAPE.

How a Grateful Country Rewards the  
Patriotism of Its Loyal Sons.

An extraordinary case of red-tapism has just come to light at Canterbury in connection with the East Kent Volunteers.

During the South African war Privates Charles Strand, Arthur Strand, and Harrison went to the front and fought for their country.

On their return the Strands left the Army, but Harrison remained with the colours.

The last-named died recently, and asked that the Strands should be amongst his bearers to the grave.

When they applied to the commanding officer for uniforms they were refused, and so they borrowed them.

For this they were prosecuted at Canterbury, but the Bench, amid loud applause, only ordered them to pay the costs, which were collected in court amongst members of the Canterbury companies of the East Kent Volunteers.

### Part IV.

## THE HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPEDIA

In the Morning 11 7d.



## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—  
13, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.  
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"O. K." SAUCE MONDAY!

"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!

"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives

"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint

"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with

"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O. K." Sauce.

## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1905

## WHY "THE SEASON" BORES

TODAY may be said to mark the official opening of the London Season. From now until towards the end of July, with a short break at Whitsuntide, the fashionable world will be in a whirl of what are commonly known as "gaeties."

More correctly they might be termed "boredoms," for of all the people who go through the season year after year there are very few who will admit that they find it anything but tedious and unsatisfying.

The reason is obvious. The essence of enjoyment is variety. Those who enjoy entertainments most are those who get few of them. Even children, the most insatiable of pleasure-seekers, confess themselves wearied by a round of parties and pantomimes. Grown-up people mostly find the pantomime of the season, which they know by heart already, a dull and dolorous performance.

If all the world were playing holiday, To sport would be as tedious as to work wrote Shakespeare. He might have written "more tedious."

In work there is always some interest, something to be learnt, something to be accomplished. Even if it is occasionally wearisome, one can look to the end and take heart. Pleasure-seeking is purely selfish, purely personal. If you do not get pleasure out of it, you get nothing. Even those few who enjoy a London season can only say at the end of it that they have killed time.

Life is too precious to waste in killing time.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

In the Royal Academy exhibition, which opens to-day, there hangs a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough, Under-Secretary for the Colonies. What would be thought of a newspaper writer on the Opposition side who should express his disapproval of our present colonial policy by poking his stick through the canvas? We should think he was more than a little mad.

To-night Mr. George Alexander produces a new play. Suppose the author should hear a critic speak unfavourably of it, and should strike him in the face! What would the verdict of public opinion be? That the author was not responsible for his actions.

Yet incidents exactly analogous to these have just occurred in Paris, and no one suggests that either the newspaper writer or the dramatist are in anything but their right mind.

We correct and calm Britons, who are trained from the nursery to hide our feelings, who are taught at school that emotion is unmanly, who learn at the University that to show great interest in anything is bad form—we cannot understand our tremendously interested, emotional neighbours who take every opportunity of showing what they feel.

But we must not forget that they find it equally difficult to understand us. If they seem to us fiery, undisciplined, a little mad, we very often strike them as being dull, unintelligent, prim, conventional. They like our habit of suppressing ourselves just as little as we appreciate theirs of letting themselves go.

On the whole, it is wonderful that Englishmen and Frenchmen should be such good friends. It shows that they each take the trouble to look below the surface and to discover the genuine matter that lies underneath the manner they so frequently do not like.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The life of religion is in the Life.—John Owen.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TODAY the Duke of Connaught celebrates his fifty-fifth birthday. He was born on the first of May in the very middle of the last century, and is the only one of Queen Victoria's sons who has lived to see his brother on the throne. The Duke's great popularity is due to his kindly disposition and "free-and-easy" manner, which he shares with the King. It is very difficult to offend him, and no one in an official position excuses a breach of etiquette more readily. Once during the late Queen's lifetime the Duke was asked to attend a function presided over by a certain very short-sighted bishop.

His Royal Highness arrived very late, and told the bishop, by way of excuse, that he had been in attendance on his mother. "Quite right, quite right," murmured the bishop very amiably, "a man's first duty is to his parents. And how is the dear old lady? Remember me to her, won't you? Quite right, quite right." The Duke only smiled and bowed. When he had withdrawn from the function the bishop asked his chaplain "Who was that?" "The Duke of Connaught, my lord," was the horrifying answer. To-morrow, by the

he share; with many famous artists, began almost as an infant to show a taste for drawing. During his school years this taste became, indeed, quite an obsession, and he will often tell you how, when he ought to have been at his books, he was "always fooling about with a pencil." The fact that he did this made it possible for him, all the same, to earn his living at a very early age. He began to do this by black-and-white work—that abomination of desolation to the artist's soul.

He contributed, when he was only sixteen, and still a student at the Academy Schools, to "Judy," and to other papers of a similar type. Occasionally, in those days of poverty, when he had worked hard, and made a little money by his work, he would escape altogether from London and live practically on the river, drifting about doing nothing—that most satisfying of all pursuits. Water has always fascinated Mr. Greiffenhagen. It is strange that one of his most successful pictures, "The Mermaid," should have been suggested to him by seeing a prosaic person swimming in a tank at a music-hall, but so it was.

Little Franz von Vecsey, the prodigy violinist, who was offered higher terms than any violinist had ever received for an American tour, returned to

## A CONTRAST IN MONARCHS.



"The whole world is in trouble when I travel," said the German Emperor a day or two ago. "Things are very different when King Edward goes abroad. His visits to Algeria and to Paris have had the best possible effect upon the friendship between Britain and France."

way, the Duke is to open the Annual Exhibition of Universal Cookery, which is held, paradoxically enough, at the Royal Horticultural Hall.

The director of the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme, where King Edward is staying during his short visit to Paris, must be delighted to think that his royal guest has returned to the hotel which he always used to patronise as Prince of Wales, but which he had deserted during his last few visits to Paris for the more showy and fashionable Hotel Ritz, in the same square. The King's apartment has recently been redecorated at the Bristol, but the same colours and style of furniture are always kept to—the blue silk of the bedroom and the Empire green of the large drawing-room, which looks out on to the Place Vendôme—so that the King may feel himself at home in Paris amongst familiar things.

These rooms in the little aristocratic hotel have sheltered the most august persons, and could tell strange secrets if only rooms could speak. The King and Queen of Portugal stayed in the hotel the other day. The Queen-Regent of Spain had them a few years ago. The Imperial Family of Austria, also, and several Russian grand dukes have occupied them at different times. Naturally enough, in the train of these have followed the kings of the financial world, and the discreet director sometimes allows cosmopolitan millionaires to hire the apartments provided they pay well for the privilege.

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, who is amongst the rejected of this year's Academy, a distinction which, as it must be a consolation to him to think,

London on Saturday from the United States. He has had a splendid time; has been received by President Roosevelt at the White House, and everywhere been fêted and loaded with presents. He looked none the worse for his adventures as he stepped out of the train on Saturday, and at once hugged his impresario round the neck. Vecsey speaks English fluently now, so he was able to give the *Daily Mirror* an account of his doings.

At Chicago Paderewski heard the child play, and made great friends with him. "You are wonderful," declared the great pianist. "Now, Franz, I must give you a present. Would you like a gold watch?" "No," was the answer, "I have got seven already. Give me a silver-mounted stick." So Paderewski is having a special one made. Other presents Vecsey has received include a magnificent pin, given him by a lad in Toronto, and a gold watch from a violin master in New York. Some Red Indians to whom he was presented in the West greatly impressed Vecsey. They afterwards came to hear the little "pale-face" play, and were no doubt impressed in turn.

The great theatrical event of to-night is the production at the St. James's Theatre of Mr. E. T. Thurston's dramatised version of his wife's novel, "John Chilcote, M.P." Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's rapid success shows that it is not always necessary, after a long time, for beginners to "go the rounds" with their manuscripts for years before finding a home for them. Mrs. Thurston began to write, with very little hope of success, about four years ago. Her "prentice work consisted of eight short stories. Six of these were accepted at their very first journey into the world of editors.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## "MARRIAGES AND MOTORS."

I always read your leading articles with interest—they are so different from the ordinary long-winded type with nothing in them—and I usually agree with your common-sense views.

But to say that a motor-car driver may be a fit husband for a well-bred young lady seems to me to be absurd. People are born in different classes, and they ought to stay in them.

They may be old-fashioned, but I think it will be found to work out best in the end. 1847. Bedford-square.

## MARY JANE AS A WIFE.

Numbers of my servants have married from my house, and all those whose careers I have followed have made excellent wives.

They have nice ways. They bring up their children well and teach them pretty manners. They can generally cook—even if they have not actually been in service as cooks.

They are more ready to work in the home, and cleverer at it than girls who have worked in shops, offices, or factories. AGATHA V. STENT. Clitheroe.

## MR. LEWIS WALLER AND HIS CRITICS.

I cordially endorse a "Playgoer's" views in your admirable little journal of this day's date. Not only in his impersonation of Romeo, but in every character Mr. Waller portrays, real "feeling" and "sincerity" are the predominating features, with a perfect freedom from all mannerism in his superb acting.

Two ladies who saw Mr. Waller in "Richard III." remarked that "had he wooed them as he did his future Queen they could not have refused him." Is this not "feeling?"

W. RUSSELL-COTES.

29, Albemarle-street, W., April 27.

## SHOULD BOYS FIGHT?

Is not the letter of "Indignant Mother" one of the greatest arguments in favour of bringing up our boys to take their own part in the daily battle of life?

Here we have the picture of a weakling boy—quite possibly spoilt and effeminated by an over-anxious parent—turned out amongst boys of his own age but of more robust habits. Like all the others he duly finds his level, the lower one, after the inevitable tussle. Then the trouble begins afresh. His indignant mother probably complains to the school authorities, and the victor is expelled. But how interesting it would be to know what "Indignant Mother" would have done had her offspring been the victor!

It is but a further instance of the weaker going to the wall, and, in view of the future battles of life to be fought—much as the poor boy has our sympathy—would we wish that our future men—commanders, statesmen, soldiers, sailors—should be of the same stuff? "STUART."

Bradford.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., the new Lord Grimthorpe.

IT is pleasant to become a peer, but it is rather bad luck for a man to be suddenly removed from the House of Commons to the Lords just when he has made up his mind to do something in political life.

That he could do big things if he liked everyone has known ever since he went into Parliament nineteen years ago. Occasionally he flashed up like a meteor, and then disappeared again. He did not seem to take politics seriously. Then came the famous debate on the Army, two years ago, and he took a leading position in his party and has seemed as though he meant to keep it. Now fate has stepped in.

Still, there is no reason why he should cease to be a political force, for he is not the person to be controlled by political conventions. In fact, one would hardly imagine that he was a politician at all—he has none of the politician's mannerisms.

Instead of having a heavy political manner and a desire to make speeches, he is a most amusing person to meet, and talks well on any subject. He has travelled a great deal, too, and off the beaten track.

As he is immensely rich he is able to indulge in the journey, his wealth coming to him as partner in the great provincial private bank which bears his name.

Mr. Beckett is a good-looking, young-looking man of close on fifty. His well-trimmed moustache and healthy, tanned features suggest the man of action rather than the politician or the patron of the arts.

## IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 30.—Long sunny days are wanted. After all the damp weather we have lately had, plants will come on with a rush when really hot weather comes.

The snowy blossoms of the plums and cherries are blown down by every gust of wind. Pear-trees are a lovely sight now. I have a very old tree, useless for fruit, from which I am able to pick many exquisite sprays of bloom.

May comes to-morrow, and her flowers are foretold all over the garden. Tight little buds show on the pyrethrums. Late tulips are already tall. Lappins grow at a great rate. E. F. T.



"THE CHEAT," BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



A picture that is likely to be much talked about. One woman has discovered that another is cheating, apparently at bridge, and is accusing the culprit.

# NEWS

WOMAN WHO SHOT TWO MEN.



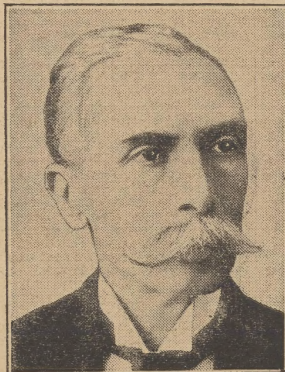
Miss Florence Doughty, who is charged with firing five shots from a revolver and wounding Mr. Swan, a solicitor, and his son, at the corner of South Molton-street, W. She afterwards took laudanum while being driven to the police-station, and lies dangerously ill.

BOY WRITER ON SCIENCE.



Hector Macpherson, who lives near Edinburgh, is only seventeen, but he has written a book on astronomy which has been highly praised by many astronomers. He has studied astronomy since he was twelve.

THE POET LAUREATE.



Mr. Alfred Austin, who, at Camberwell Town Hall to-day, will unveil a bust erected in memory of Mrs. Browning. —(Ball.)

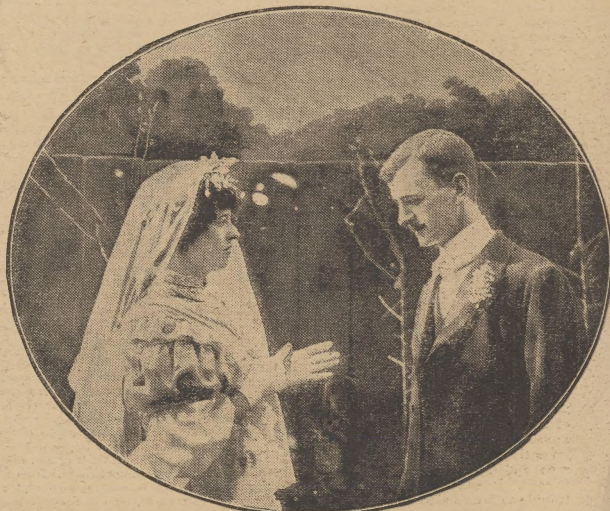
## NOTABLE ACA

A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF



This picture, which is called "Home Along," was painted, as nearly all Mr. Stanhope's fishing-village, which has given it

WEDDING WITHOUT WORDS—HOW A DEAF A



An interesting wedding took place at St. John's Church, Brixton, on Saturday, when Miss Eleanor Baines and Mr. Sydney Scott, both of whom are deaf mutes, were married. This photograph shows how the bride repeated the minister's words in the marriage service.



# MY PICTURES.

R. STANHOPE FORBES'S ART.



canvases have been for some years past, at Newlyn, the picturesque Cornish to a school of painting.

DUMB COUPLE WERE HAPPILY MARRIED.



Rev. Mr. Raper translated the service into the deaf and dumb alphabet, and bride and bridegroom repeated the necessary signs after him. Here the lady is making the sign which she made in church, which signifies "I will," the vicar's questions having been put to her in the same sign language.

MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., IN HIS DUTCH MANNER.



The veteran R.A. calls his pretty romance of music "The Interval." It is the kind of picture which is always looked at with interest by five-sixths of the visitors to Burlington House.

J. DARLING BATTING.



During this week the *Daily Mirror* will publish photographs of the Australian cricketers executing characteristic strokes. This, the first of the series, shows J. Darling, the captain, making a late cut.

## VIEWS

NINE-YEAR-OLD HEROINE.



Eva Houghton, of Alrewas, Staffordshire, though only nine years of age, showed extraordinary bravery in saving the life of William Scattergood, the two-year-old child by her side.



The little boy Scattergood fell into this stream, and was being carried under the culvert, which would have meant certain death. Eva Houghton plunged in after him, caught him by the clothes, and when the pair were carried to the culvert by the force of the water, clung to the wall with one hand until they were both rescued.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.



## OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

"For the cards, a horse, or a woman, will be bringing that man to me!"

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**LYNDAL MAYBRICK:** A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

**JOE MARVIS:** A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

**SIR TATTON TOWNLEY:** A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

**B. S. VOGEL:** A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

**DOLORES ST. MERTON:** A fascinating great widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

**ARTHUR MERRICK:** A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby. He is loved by both Lyndal Maybrick and Dolores St. Merton.

## YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

The story, "Lost in the Winning," circulates round the fortunes of two horses—King Daffodil and The Devil—which are in training for the Derby, and two women, whose interests are bound up in the success of the gentleman jockey, Arthur Merrick.

Arthur Merrick is to ride King Daffodil, and his sweetheart, Lyndal Maybrick, informs him by letter while he is staying at the house of the rich racehorse-owner, Vogel, that she has ridden a very famous racehorse in a trial gallop against King Daffodil, with the result that the success of King Daffodil in the coming Derby is regarded as a certainty. The agents of B. S. Vogel were keeping a sharp watch on the performance of King Daffodil, but when they saw a girl riding an unknown horse in a trial with the famous three-year-old they shut up their glasses and went away. This success of King Daffodil must be kept a secret.

Arthur Merrick, as a guest of B. S. Vogel at Newmarket, had come under the fascinations of another guest, Dolores St. Merton, a beautiful woman living in the house of the rich horseowner on the bounty of Vogel, who supplies her with money. Merrick, in a weak moment, confides his secret to Dolores, believing her to be trustworthy. She, having lost her heart to the young man, endeavours to keep his secret, but Vogel drags it out of her, and threatens that he will use his power over the young man to induce him to pull King Daffodil in the Derby he will bring back her drunken husband and allow her to be dragged down into poverty and misery.

At first she refuses, but at length gives way before his threat.

As he leaves her Merrick comes back, and after confessing his love begs her to be his wife.

It had previously been arranged that Merrick should leave Vogel's house that he might go into training for the great race, and Dolores sets to work to persuade him to stay. After some hesitation he gives way before her cunning, though fully convinced that he is storing up trouble for himself. "I shall not go to-morrow, nor the next day—I shall not go until you know that you love me, until you have promised to become my wife," he said.

## CHAPTER IV.

A few days after Sir Tatton Townley learnt the good news concerning the Derby, he again paid a visit to Marvis's pretty little house.

"Well," he cried, as he was shown into the drawing-room, called so by courtesy, being really Lyndal's own special room, her boudoir, though she called it the "Snuggery." "Well, has Mr. Arthur Merrick arrived safely; have you taken him under your wing, Miss Lyndal, and started to train him for the great event, whilst Marvis trains King Daffodil?"

He took Lyndal's hand and patted it kindly.

Sir Tatton was very fond of Lyndal Maybrick; he knew her sterling worth, he appreciated her girlish beauty, and he admired her spirit, her independence, and her courage. It pleased him when her humble, youthful freaks or love of horse-flesh shocked certain puritanical neighbours with ugly, elderly daughters, and realising the disadvantage she was at in lacking not only both mother and father, but all feminine influence and help, he had interested his wife in her.

Lyndal was a free, easy, and kind. The times, where she met not only people of brains, but people of breeding, and was naturally a favourite with both.

Lady Tatton, it is true, often tried to persuade Lyndal to at least give up any active part in her guardian's training establishment.

"People will talk, my dear," she said, "even decent people. It's disease we all catch sometimes, scandal fever, and perhaps it is a little unsuitable for a young girl to ride racehorses in their morning gallops. Don't you think?"

Lyndal didn't think. Or, rather, she did think—if not an unwise, then certainly an original train in a girl—and she told Lady Tatton what she thought.

"I value your friendship and your kindness more than anything else in the world," she said, "and it almost breaks my heart to forfeit your affection; but I naturally love the dear Pater"—her name for Joe Marvis—"more than anyone else; his heart is in his horses, and so is mine. I was brought up in the stable, so to speak."

Lady Tatton smiled indulgently and shook her head. "And I would give up everything rather than my work, for it is my work, not only keep-

ing the books for Pater, but also keeping an eye on the horses, and keeping them in condition," she added roughly. "Why, when King Daffodil wins the Derby I shall feel that, just in a small way, I have contributed to his success. And oh, I shall feel so proud. We bred him, you know. Once he was ill, and Arthur and I sat up with him all night—that was a year ago."

And then Lady Tatton bent down and kissed the sweet, innocent face, and lovingly stroked the golden head.

"You're a wonderful child, a strange child; but I know that your heart is in the right place, dear, and, after all, that is the most important thing in life—heart. And there seems so little of it nowadays among women."

"You've a big heart," Lyndal whispered. "You mustn't mind my giving you advice," Lady Tatton continued. "I fear lest you forget the duties that devolve sooner or later on every woman; you won't always be able to live the free life you do now; you will have other things besides horses to think of one day!"

"You mean—"

"You will marry one day and have a home and children of your own."

Lyndal was silent for a while, and hid her face.

"I shall marry—in the profession," she laughed.

And Lady Tatton nodded and thought of Arthur Merrick. And she made up her mind that when King Daffodil had won the Derby Arthur Merrick should win Lyndal Maybrick. She made a point of telling her husband so, and impressing on him the fact that it was his duty to do all in his power to bring off the double event—King Daffodil, the blue riband of the Turf, and Arthur Merrick—what certainly might be termed the blue ribbon of the Matrimonial Stakes!

"But I don't want the boy to fall in love," growled the baronet. "Heaven alone knows what follies he won't commit!"

"I will keep his head," said Lady Tatton.

"He doesn't scale nine stone, though he is tough as leather and a young Samson in his way," replied her lord and master. "If he falls in love before the race his head will be crammed full of poetry and sentiment; he will lose his nerve and judgment."

"Don't be afraid of that; the very best thing that could happen would be for Arthur to discover that he's in love with Lyndal at once. Believe me, love works wonders with a man—especially when he's engaged. You will—quite by chance—discover his affections; you'll approve and carefully suggest that when Mr. Merrick passes the post on King Daffodil leading his field, we shall hope to be allowed the satisfaction of arranging the wedding and a satisfactory dot for the bride. We're such old friends Mr. Marvis couldn't object."

"Perhaps you're right," said Sir Tatton.

"They're such sensible young people, and I'm fond of 'em, both Merrick's a good chap; I'll sound him, sound Miss Lyndal, too—women never know their own minds."

"She does," smiled Lady Tatton.

So the real cause of the baronet's second visit following so quickly on his first one was mainly to have a chat with Arthur Merrick, and see the young people together.

Lyndal did not reply to his greeting and question at once, and he repeated it. Then he noticed she looked a trifle sad and pale—not quite so full of good spirits as usual.

"Nothing wrong, Miss Lyndal, I hope," he said quickly. "The colt is all right?"

His racing instincts quickly ousted his matrimonial schemes.

"No—King Daffodil's all right. Nothing wrong, Sir Tatton. Why should you think—"

"You don't look well. You look troubled, if I may say so. And you didn't reply at once. Well, tell me, where is Merrick? What's the young rascal doing? You mustn't let him out of your sight an instant, Miss Lyndal. I hand him over entirely to you, and shall hold you responsible."

He thoughtfully patted her face as he spoke, and he noticed that it flushed slightly, and he chuckled to himself.

"Secretly engaged already—I shouldn't wonder; in love, at any rate."

But Lyndal Maybrick's reply startled him.

"Arthur hasn't returned yet, Sir Tatton," she said, under her breath. Then, with an attempt at a laugh, "Isn't it wrong of him? I'm so angry!"

"Not returned? But didn't you write the day I called? Didn't you tell him to return at once?"

"Yes."

"You tell him the news?"

"Yes, and he wrote saying that he was overjoyed. He said that he was making arrangements to leave at once, but he hasn't arrived yet."

"Hasn't arrived yet," repeated Sir Tatton.

"What on earth's the fellow doing? Why, I thought he'd simply fly here; he'd be so—so pleased, so excited!"

"So did I," Lyndal murmured.

"Where's he staying—still with the Vogels?"

Lyndal nodded, and Sir Tatton Townley's face clouded.

"I shall write to him," he growled. "Marvis particularly wishes him to ride the colt in all his gallops; I particularly wish it. Confound it, if he don't turn up at once, I'll—I'll refuse to allow him to ride at all!"

"Oh, you won't do that, Sir Tatton," Lyndal cried anxiously. "There must be some reason—"

By ARTHUR APPLIN,

Author of "The Shadow of Her Sin," and "A Coward's Marriage."

"There can't be a reason—at the Vogels!" He walked up and down the little room, his hands clasped behind his back, a frown on his face. "I don't trust Vogel an inch," he muttered; "not an inch. The Devil is favourite, too—"

"You can trust Arthur," Lyndal said softly, laying her hand on Sir Tatton's arm. "You can trust Arthur."

He stopped in his walk and looked kindly into the clear, honest eyes fixed fearlessly on his face.

"Yes—you're right, Arthur Merrick is to be trusted—implicitly."

"Implicitly," she echoed.

"He is lucky, to have such a loyal little friend!"

Lyndal turned away hastily, and again Sir Tatton formed his own conclusions.

"But why this delay in returning," he muttered aloud. "Who is riding King Daffodil in his gallops?"

"I am, Sir Tatton," Lyndal replied proudly.

"Of course, I want Arthur to return—because you wish it—but I shall be dreadfully jealous when he does."

"Jealous?"

"Yes; he'll take the King away from me."

"No, he won't," laughed the baronet. "And I shan't worry now that I know you're riding the colt. He is lucky, say dear, if you were only a boy, you should ride the colt in the Derby. You should—"

Lyndal sighed.

"How I wish I were a boy!"

"I expect there is a certain boy who is glad you are not!" said Sir Tatton.

He left the house and walked in the direction of the stables in search of Joe Marvis. Lyndal did not accompany him, making household duties an excuse. If Sir Tatton hadn't been so preoccupied he might have thought it strange for Lyndal to find an excuse to remain in the house when there was an excuse to go to the stables.

He found Marvis—not with the horses, nor yet in the paddock, but in the garden among his rose trees.

"A little hobby of mine," he exclaimed, when strangers and fools expressed surprise at his horticultural tastes. "Roses and horses go very well together, and both want all the attention you can give 'em."

He gave Sir Tatton a buttonhole of a couple of red roses just in bud.

"Seen Lyndal?" he asked gruffly, taking off his hat and mopping his brow.

Sir Tatton nodded.

"Yes—but what on earth are you doing this for, Marvis? Darning, aren't you?"

"Yes, doing a bit of mending. I'm in a bad temper to-day; always do spade-work when I'm in a bad temper. You've seen Lyndal, you say? Then she's told you?"

"That Merrick hasn't turned up yet, yes."

Finding that his trainer was angry, Sir Tatton grew calmer. "But there is no particular hurry. Let me see, there are four or five weeks yet—"

"Barely four weeks. Every day is of importance. I'm old-fashioned. I have theories, but I know I'm right. There are more races lost through a horse and his jockey not being on good terms than anyone realises. Merrick's never ridden a race. Blake rode him in the Middle Park Plate, Blake rode him in the Two Thousand. Of course, King Daffodil will expect to be ridden by him in the Derby!"

"You speak as if the horse was human."

"So he is—he knows everything that goes on! I tell you he knows he's going to win the Derby—but if a stranger is on his back—"

"A stranger!" roared the baronet. "Why Merrick has ridden him scores of times, has lived with him!"

"But he hasn't raced with him! It's very different riding a horse in a race, and he's a nervous customer is King Daffodil, and dashed particular too. Why, he's so particular now that he don't relish his food unless Lyndal or I give it him; one of the lads fed him the other day, and he left half his oats. Horses aren't the machines some people think 'em; a well-trained machine and an American monkey on top of it will win races; but give me intelligent flesh and blood on the Turf, and a tight finish, and I'll show you that head and heart can beat mechanism on the post."

"I know what you mean; well, I'm going to telegraph to Merrick."

"What's the good," growled the trainer. "If he don't want to come, forcing him won't help. He'll come untried, bad-tempered, upsetting me and the colt and everything."

"Don't want to come!" roared Sir Tatton.

"Confound it, if he don't want to come he shan't come; he shan't ride the colt. What do you mean—don't want to come?"

Marvis gave a vicious dig at the earth with his spade.

"What's the attraction that's keeping him at Vogel's, that's what I want to know?"

Sir Tatton looked thoughtful.

"He's young, you must remember; Vogel's a millionaire; Merrick is doubtless having a good time and doesn't like curtailing his holiday so suddenly."

"Having a good time. Merrick's not the fellow to enjoy the kind of 'good time' Vogel gives his

(Continued on page 13.)



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## TOO MANY ARTISTS.

But They Could All Earn a Living  
If They Turned Their Talents  
to More Useful Account.

By SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART., M.P.

Every year at this time, when thousands upon thousands of pictures are sent in to the Royal Academy, wonder is expressed that so many artists should persist in doing work at which there is no chance of their ever making a living.

In this interesting talk Sir George Newnes, M.P., suggests various ways in which artists might earn their bread and do useful service to the community, if only they would leave off painting pictures which nobody wants.

While I do not claim to know much about Art from the technical point of view, yet as a publisher using a great number of illustrations, I may speak of Art from the practical standpoint.

There is a vast number of students receiving instruction in the art schools of the country. To what practical purpose are they applying their knowledge?

There are two classes of students—those who study to perfect themselves in a delightful accomplishment and those who intend to make art a profession. Can any large percentage of these latter make a living?

When one considers the large number of pictures submitted to the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, the small proportion accepted and exhibited, and the still smaller proportion sold, the conclusion is inevitable that the artistic profession is overcrowded.

True, supreme talent probably receives recognition sooner or later, even in the overcrowded branches of the profession, but the outlook for the man of average talent is poor.

Is there anything left for such a man to do? I believe there is a great deal.

In recent years colour reproduction, for instance, has become increasingly popular for the illustration of English books and periodicals. A good deal of this colour engraving is sent abroad—to Germany, France, Austria, and Belgium; and this ought not to be the case.

It has come about, not as many believe because the Continental work is cheaper, but because, on the average, it is more artistic than that produced in England. Remember, I am speaking of the average Continental colour reproduction, for we have a few colour engravers of high standing in England.

### WHY COLOUR PRINTING GOES ABROAD.

The reason for the Continental superiority is, in the first place, that the firms employ men of better artistic training, and, in the second, the trained artist does not think it beneath his dignity to do such work.

Not very long ago, one of my editors tried to get an important printing firm to match a simple shade of Bartolozzi red; it took two or three weeks to do it. In its efforts, the firm submitted tints of magenta, vermilion, and other shades.

If it had thought it worth while to employ an artist, the difficulty would not have occurred, and time and trouble would have been saved.

It would pay the printers as well as the engravers to employ trained art students, and the result would be that many orders for colour work now sent to Nuremberg and elsewhere would be given to English firms.

Again, there is room for the expert in modern typography. The art student would, sooner or later, find it worth his while to study the subject and printers to give him employment.

An art student would not be degrading himself by becoming engaged as an expert in those trades in which his training would be of value. True, he might get his hands dirty, but dirt will wash off.

The commercial uses to which he applied his art would not kill the artist's native genius, but would develop it without risk of the poverty which may accrue from relying too early upon it for support.

The ability of English artists has been everywhere recognised in decorative design, and in this particular direction we have influenced the whole world. Our designs for furniture, domestic architecture, textile fabrics, and wall papers are copied by the Continental rivals.

The great problem for the new generation is to distribute its energy wisely, and to remember that the closer the alliance between utility and beauty, the stronger will be our position in the world.

GEORGE NEWNES.

### A GREAT PIANIST.

Those who believe in the theory of reincarnation find a significant coincidence in the fact that Frederic Lamond, the finest living interpreter of Beethoven, is in appearance very like that great composer.

Lamond played magnificently at his recital on Saturday. He laid his audience under a spell by a matchless interpretation of the "Appassionata," and of Chopin's Funeral March, "Sonata."

There is something big and broad in this pianist's playing which separates him from other pianists. He is always an artist, too, and sinks his own personality in the music he interprets so finely.

## DURHAM BEAT MIDDLESEX AT RUGBY.



In the Rugby county championship match, played at West Hartlepool on Saturday, Durham beat Middlesex by nine points to eight. Our photograph shows a Middlesex man brought down over the touch-line.

### WINNING THE WALKING RACE.



M. J. Turner winning the two miles walking handicap at the South London Harriers' meeting at the Oval on Saturday. He won by fifteen yards.

### AUSTRALIANS AT LORD'S.



Three of the Australian cricketers watching their comrades practising at Lord's. On the left of the photograph is J. Darling, in the middle F. Laver, and to the right J. J. Kelly.

### POINTS FOR PLAYGOERS.

#### A Record Week of Theatrical Productions—A New Play Each Day.

This is a full week of theatrical productions. There is one every day of the week.

This evening Mr. George Alexander produces "John Chitote, M.P.," the much-discussed "double" play.

There will also be a revival of Mr. Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" at the Court Theatre this evening.

To-morrow is the first night of "Leah Kleschna" at the New Theatre, with Miss Zena Ashwell and Mr. Leonard Boyne in the leading parts.

Wednesday, Mr. Charles Frohman presents the American comedian, Mr. William Collier, in "The Dictator," at the Comedy.

Thursday sees the production of "Jasper Bright, by Special Appointment," at the Avenue Theatre, and the postponed production of "Miss Wingrove" at the Strand.

Friday, the Elizabethan Stage Society play "Romeo and Juliet," uncut, at the Royalty Theatre.

Saturday afternoon is fixed for the production of "The Creole," Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's new Napoleon play at the Haymarket Theatre. It is to precede "Everybody's Secret," and Mr. Cyril Maude will play Napoleon.

The week of Shakespeare plays at His Majesty's Theatre has been so successful that Mr. Tree intends to make his Shakespearean festival last a fortnight next year.

The next production of the Mermaid Repertory Theatre will be Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Silent Woman," which will be produced at the Great Queen-street Theatre next Monday.

### COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

#### Opens This Evening with the First of the "Ring" Performances.

To-day the Academy opens and the opera season begins. The season is upon us in good earnest.

Covent Garden is opening a little earlier than usual this year on account of the two cycles of the "Ring" which are to be given at first, and for which preparations have been going on for weeks past.

Society has quite taken to the idea of "Bayreuth at Bow-street," and the house will be packed for each of the "Ring" performances.

There is something so novel in the idea of driving down to the opera at 4.30 p.m. for the first act; going away for tea; coming back for the second act; going out for dinner again; finally returning for the last act.

On these occasions the opera authorities do not insist upon evening dress being worn in the stalls and boxes—not even for the later acts.

At 8.30 to-night the curtain goes up, and the Rhine maidens in "Rheingold" will be seen disporting themselves. At 5 p.m. to-morrow "Die Walkure" begins. On Thursday, at the same hour, "Siegfried" starts; and at 4.30 p.m. on Saturday the fourth and last opera, "Götterdämmerung," commences.

The principal artists who will appear in this first cycle of the "Ring" are Mmes. Kirkby Lunn, Sobrino, Altein Reim, Agnes Nicholls, Edna Thornton, Wittich, and Bosetti; MM. Burrian, Hineckley, Reiss, and Kraus; whilst Dr. Richter, of course, conducts. It is satisfactory to note no less than three English singers in the above list.

On Wednesday Rossini's "Barber of Seville" will be given, with M. Maurel in the cast, and on Friday the interesting revival of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale."

## Rapid and Permanent Reduction of Weight BY ANTIPON.

Disturbing as it may be to realise that you are rapidly putting on flesh, and that notwithstanding a restricted dietary, amounting almost to famine rations, the growth of fat is persistent, there need be no cause for alarm. Without food limitation, sweating, drugging, or any other out-worn abuses that have wrought so much harm in the past, Antipon will rapidly and permanently cure the most obstinate cases of obesity, and increase strength and vitality at the same time. Food is the very fuel of life, and, corpulent or not, no one can do without ample nourishment. Whilst gradually absorbing and eliminating from the system every particle of superabundant and diseased fatty matter, Antipon, by its splendid tonic action, increases appetite and improves digestion. The result is to effect an exchange. Sound muscular tissue is formed in lieu of the flabby, fat-sodden tissue that makes the limbs formless and the features pallid and bloated; new rich blood replaces the impoverished fluid impregnated with fatty matter. Hence improved health, and greater vitality and mental and physical energy, together with renewed beauty of face and figure, are the priceless blessings conferred by a short course of the famous Antipon treatment.

Antipon positively assures a rapid and permanent reduction of weight. A day and a night after beginning the treatment there will be a decrease of 8oz. to 3lb., according to the case, conditions of age, &c. Then day by day there is a rapid and sure diminution and return to normal weight and symmetrical proportions. This attained the doses may cease. The cure is absolutely complete and lasting. There are no restrictions as to mode of living; no drugging or sweating. Antipon itself is a pleasant tonic liquid, of harmless, vegetable constituents, and causes no physical discomfort whatever.

The hundreds of grateful men and women who have voluntarily testified to the unailing virtues of Antipon are as loud in praise of its re-strengthening, re-vitalising properties as of its marvellous, permanently reductive, and re-beautifying effects.

Of all  
Chemists &  
*Antipon*  
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2/6 & 4/6

**PERMANENTLY  
CURES  
CORPULENCE**

Why Antipon has been so successful is because it is a real genuine permanent cure, in the first place. Secondly, it is a tonic of the highest value, increasing appetite and assisting digestion. Thirdly, it is pleasant, harmless, easy to take, and does not cause the slightest stomachic or intestinal discomfort; and, Fourthly, it is not in the least an expensive treatment. Now, the old-time remedies for Corpulence mostly relied on semi-starvation, sweating, and mineral drugs; were weakening, and often lastingly injurious to health; and, at best, never produced any but a merely temporary reduction of weight; they did not destroy the tendency to "put on flesh," Antipon does: it goes to the root of the evil, and whilst gradually clearing out of the system all superfluous and diseased fatty matter, helps to make richer blood, and sound, healthy muscular and nerve tissue, because it tones up the digestive system and requires the patient to eat with a natural appetite for wholesome and enjoyable food. There are no irksome dietary restrictions; Eat well—that is all that Antipon requires in the way of help towards the permanent restoration to beauty of form, robust health, and youthful energy and vigour. Within a day and a night of first dose Antipon will cause a decrease varying between 8oz. and 3lb. This is followed by a steady reduction day by day until complete cure, when further doses are needless.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2/6 and 4/6, by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should difficulty arise, may be had (on remitting amount), post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham St., Strand, London, W.C.







## THE SUMMER GIRL AND HER DAINTY FAL-LALS—SMART BLOUSE DESIGNS.

## IMPORTANT ACCESSORIES.

## RIBBON AS AN ADJUNCT IN DRESS-MAKING.

The girl who is able to wield her needle skillfully has in these days of dainty dressing much for which to be thankful. To her will appertain the beautifully embroidered lingerie shirts that are so modish—a design for one of which appears below—the pretty collars, the exquisite lingerie, the dainty millinery, and even the gaily embellished stockings that help to build up the perfect toilette of to-day.

One of the most charming dressmaking features of the hour is the employment of ribbon as a trimming. It ranges from the very tiny "comet" ribbon to the wide, soft, sash silk. Ribbons will be much used upon summer gowns, and there will be any number of striped and shaded ones amongst the number.

Very narrow "comet" or baby ribbon is used either for embroidery purposes or in gauged designs. For example, a ruffle of broad ribbon may be trimmed with several rows of very narrow ribbon put on in the form of a tiny ruching. Another trimming is made by gauging the ribbon at both edges and applying it like a scanty puff. Not a few of the cashmere cloth gowns that have recently made their appearance are trimmed with gauged or knife-kilted ribbon, and ribbon in all widths is being used to trim smart evening gowns. Another pretty device is to head lace or chiffon ruffles with a drapery of broad ribbon run through loops.

## Handkerchiefs That Match Gowns.

Pretty stockings form a very prominent part of all modern trousseaux. Time was when little silk clocking at the side represented the acme of hosiery decoration. But it is different now. The narrow line of silk embroidery has broadened into a well-developed pattern, usually of a floral persuasion, and has moved from the side to the front of the stocking. At first only the instep was decorated, then the ornamentation rose a little higher, until to-day is seen hosiery upon which the decorative pattern is carried to the knees.

With the expansion of hosiery decoration has come an increase in cost, hence it behoves the woman who has plenty of time on her hands to embroider her own stockings. Among the newest types of stockings are the lace-inserted-silk ones,

and costly pieces of cobweb-like lace in medallions and other forms are utilised in this way. Spangles, too, have been added, but these glittering ornaments are not conspicuously in evidence.

To match the gowns of fashionable hues are stockings, both gay and sombre, the pastel colourings being particularly sought for and including every tint in the modish list.

The authorities in Paris are urging the carrying of handkerchiefs with coloured borders to correspond with the toilette worn. One variety has scalloped frills round the edge, and each handkerchief is embroidered to match the colour of a robe

The model shown below is made of dove-coloured crepe de Chine, with flounces of the same below a cream lace yoke, centred by a rosette of geranium-red velvet and crepe de Chine.



Above is depicted a dainty slip, carried out in cream nun's veiling, with a yoke and cuffs of buttercup yellow lace.

and there is also a tiny flounce of lace to finish the model.

The question of neckwear is just now one of the utmost importance, for our stocks and cravats represent some of the most fascinating details of our morning toilettes.

A very pretty example is a stock carried out in the palest tan kid, with the merest glimpse of white turned over at the top, the contrast accentuated by a sprinkling of wee French knots in black. The pretty little ends are piped and embroidered in white and black respectively, so as to match the rest.

## A PRIZE AWARD.

The prize of 5s. for the best quickly-made pudding is awarded to Miss A. Dimber, 29, Nursery-avenue, Coleraine, Ireland, whose recipe, "Cherry Pudding," will be found printed below. Highly recommended are the recipes that have

been sent in by Mollie Kennedy, Towersey Schools, Thame, and M. Bendall, 131, Westbourne-terrace, Fadington.

## CHERRY PUDDING.

Take the following ingredients: Three ounces of flour, one ounce of glacé cherries, three ounces each of sifted sugar and butter, two large or three small eggs, and a small half teaspoonful of baking-powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten, and the flour alternately, then add the cherries, which have been cut up, a little grated

lemon rind, and the baking-powder. Bake the mixture in buttered dariole moulds or in cups for about twenty minutes in a moderate oven, then turn them out and serve them with cherry sauce poured round.

To make the cherry sauce take half a pint of water, two ounces of sifted sugar, half an ounce of glacé cherries, the juice of half a lemon, and a small teaspoonful of cornflour. Boil the water and sugar for five minutes, add the cherries, cut up, and boil it for five minutes longer; add the cornflour, moistened with a little cold water, and the lemon-juice, and boil it till it is clear.

## ANOTHER PRIZE.

A prize of 5s. is offered for the best lunch dish, having eggs as the chief ingredient. Competitors, who must write on postcards only, should post the cards so that they reach us not later than by the first post on Monday morning next, May 8. They should be addressed to the Woman's Page, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, E.C.

I've seen of him he might have made a nice lightweight. But it's no woman that's keeping Arthur Merrick at Mr. Vogel's, I can tell you that!" "Then I can tell you that it is," cried the baronet triumphantly, "and you know the woman, too!" "I—"

Marvis dropped his spade and stared open-mouthed at Sir Tatton.

"Yes—charming girl. They've quarrelled, that's all—lover's quarrel. See if I'm not right."

"Charming girl! Vogel doesn't know any charming girl! He did the wouldn't know him."

"She doesn't! Ah, my dear old Marvis, why don't you use your eyes, eh? Do you think a nice young fellow like Arthur Merrick and a beautiful girl like Lyndal Maybrick are going to live under the same roof day after day without falling in love? Oh, you blind old duffer!"

And the baronet hit him heartily on the back.

"Merrick—Lyndal—in love!" stammered the trainer. "How do you know?"

"Why, I've seen it coming on. Any fool could see it but you—your never use your eyes except to look at a horse."

"No more should Merrick! How dare he fall in love? How dare he quarrel with Lyndal? It's infernal impudence, and, what's worse, it'll ruin everything. Why didn't you tell me before? But it can't be true."

"It is true, I'm sure of it. And there's no need to worry."

"No need to worry! Do you think I'm going to have a lovesick amateur jockey fiddling about with my horses? Do you think I'm going to let a man who's lovesick put a leg across King Daffodil?"

"A lovesick girl's been riding him daily."

"Side saddle," ejaculated Marvis. "And she's not going to ride him in the Derby. Sir Tatton, we'll have to find a proper jockey at once; there's not a moment to lose."

"Merrick will ride my colt," said Sir Tatton quietly.

Joe Marvis grew purple of visage, but with an effort restrained his temper.

"And you say he's sick—lovesick! And—and she's lovesick, and you'll let 'em be lovesick here together?" He broke off in disgust. "A nice training for the Derby, indeed."

Sir Tatton took the trainer by the arm and led him towards the house.

"My dear Marvis, when a man's in love—a man mind, not a fool or a puppy—he's a degree higher up the human scale than the rest of us. He gains grit and pluck, and nerve and ambition. If Merrick rides King Daffodil in the Derby he'll be riding for me, for you, for the sake of the colt, for honour and glory, and for love!"

(To be continued.)

## Feather Boas

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58 inches long ... 16/6  
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Richer Qualities, 84/- to 20 gas.

Ostrich Feather Stoles, made from selected feather, in black, white, natural and grey, 2 1/2 yards long, 4 strands ... 16/6  
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2 1/2 yards " 5 " " " " 35/6  
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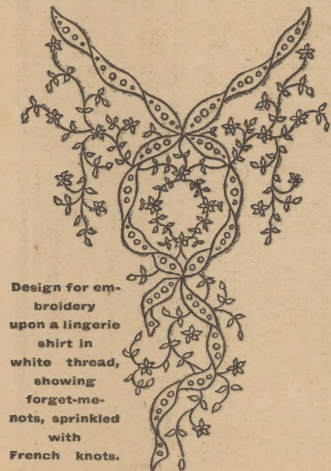
CATALOGUE POST FREE.



Rich Hungarian Feather Scarf, as Sketch, in White or Light Grey ... 16/6  
Richer qualities in White or the New Lynx Shade ... 21/-  
In Natural or Black ... 14/6

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AND  
FREEBODY  
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.



Design for embroidery upon a lingerie shirt in white thread, showing forget-me-nots, sprinkled with French knots.

## LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

guests. No, it's not the good time he's had that's keeping him."

"Then what on earth do you mean? Oh, a petticoat? You think that he's fallen in love—a pretty Jewess perhaps." There was a note of relief in Sir Tatton's voice, and he laughed heartily.

"You're wrong there, I'll swear to that."

"Petticoat! Five yards of lace and silk and ribbon! Petticoat, whilst there's a bit of pigskin in the country? Bah! Arthur Merrick's not the sort to be caught by a petticoat!"

An idea had suddenly entered Sir Tatton's head, and he wondered why he had been so dull as not to think of it before.

Now he knew why Lyndal looked pale at one moment and flushed at another; why she was so mysterious over Merrick's letter, and so hearty in her defence of his honour.

He laughed more loudly, and Marvis looked at him in surprise and disgust.

"You've never had much to do with petticoats, so naturally you're as blind as an owl and as ignorant as a baby where Eros is concerned."

"Eros?" sniffed the trainer. "By the pictures







## THE CITY

Failure of a Member—Better Feeling  
in Gilt Edged Stocks—Associated  
Newspapers at a Premium.

CAPET COURT, Saturday.—Without there being much business, and with the attendance scanty, and the fact that Monday is a Stock Exchange holiday to discourage operators, it was not unsatisfactory to find the stock markets showing a better tendency today. The trouble all along lies in the fact that there has been too much speculative account open in various sections, and the belief "bulls," despairing of securing profits, and not liking the look of political problems, had been somewhat inclined to sell. As the markets have not recovered from the effect of the Easter holidays, the influence was unsatisfactory. Hence the depression, from which the markets seemed to begin to recover to-day.

There was one little incident in the announcement of the failure of a Stock Exchange member, Mr. Robert Glen Walker. He was a small broker and a member only since 1892.

Consols, which touched 90½ yesterday, closed at 90½ to-day, and, with the gilt-edged market reviving, there was a better feeling. Tuesday sees the Consol carry-over, and it is hoped that in the new account better prices will be seen.

## Home Rails Steadier.

In Home Rails there was not much one way or the other to attract notice. Dealers, asked the way of things, responded gloomily that they were no worse. That was about all that could be said of the market, which has been undoubtedly suffering from the existence of a belated speculative account. It had upset North-Westerns and other descriptions to-day they seemed to be better.

Much the same really applies to Americans. People seemed to think in the market that for the time being, all events, the worst had been seen. There was a little recovery, and some buying of Baltimore, Union Pacific, and a few other descriptions.

Those interested in Canadian Rails had two interesting and satisfactory March earnings statements to consider. The Canadian Pacific showed a net increase of \$32,000. Canadian Pacific were very good on this, and Grand Trunk would have been good on an earnings statement showing \$41,800, or \$10,000 better than expected, but it was not that most of the speculators for the fall had closed their commitments. Although the crop advice were not particularly encouraging this week, Argentine Rails have been rather better. They were still fearing a bad report in connection with Mexican Rails. Cuban Rails showed weakness.

## Japanese Bonds Firmer.

There was a firmer tendency for Japanese bonds, and the new scrip recovered to "par." The speculative account open in Persian Corporation deposits, and these to be sold, and copper shares were affected by the uncertainty about the metal prospects.

With the allotment out, Associated Newspaper Ordinary were firm at 1s. premium, and the Preference at 3d. premium. Welsbachs were rather dull on the report. Hudson's were bought, and there was some selling of Chinese and Argentine land shares.

The two Banket cablegrams caused Banket shares to rise rather sharply to 8, and then to 8½. There were other Rhodesias, and to Kafirs as a whole. In West Africa the feature was the weakness of Biliana, which dropped to 3 on fears about a bad report. West Indians were irregular, with Brownhill Extended wanted at 11s. on a good cablegram.

## SATURDAY'S SPORTS.

Good Racing at the Oval—Morion Wins  
at Nottingham.

The most noteworthy features of the South London Harriers' sports at the Oval on Saturday were the sprinting of L. J. de B. Kerr S.L.H., the 200 yds. race of the McNicol, Thames Valley H., in the two miles inter-lac race, and the riding of Leon Meredith (world's amateur champion) in the cycle events.

Read came within an ace of securing three first prizes. He won the 100 yds. handicap from the 44 yards mark, beating T. P. de B. Kerr S.L.H., the 200 yds. race by nearly two yards in 10.5 sec., and, with 7 yds. start, just got up and won the 500 yds. handicap from G. J. Crump, Blackheath, in 10.5 sec. The 100 yds. race, level 100 yards, however, L. J. Tremear, L.A.C., got the better of a fine race with Read by a foot, the time being 10.4 sec.

McNicol ran with admirable judgment in the inter-lac race. As the finish he won ten yards ahead of G. Pearce, Hibernia H., and J. E. Deakin, Hibernia H., a very close third, and the ten miles champion, A. Aldridge, got the comparatively lowly position of the last-named is explained in part by the fact that during the past few weeks he has done little or no training. The time was 39 min. 40 sec. Highgate won, with 13 points to Heme Hill's 14 and Thames Valley's 22.

Leon Meredith's match with A. E. Wills was altered to a pursuit race. The long-distance champion had the better of the argument, and, at the finish, had gained 130 yards on his rival—time 3 min. 10.5 sec. The mile cycle scratch race was decided on a novel plan. The men making the six best times in the preliminary heats competed in the final, out of which the fastest emerged triumphant after a desperate finish with C. V. Clark, Polytechnic C.C., the time being 3 min. 13.5 sec.

Neither Wills nor Meredith rode in the two cycle handicaps. The half-mile (fell to L. Webster, Bedford C.C. and C.A. 40 yds., with A. Rusban, Paddington C.C., 50 second, the time 10.1 sec.), the mile to L. Scott, Regent C.C., 1.00, Rusban, 90, again running up (time 2 min. 24.5 sec.). A. E. Burbery, Finchley H., 89 yds., beat J. P. George, L.H.H., 38, somewhat easily (time 1 min. 54.5 sec., the time 1 min. 34.5 sec.) finishing exceptionally fast. There were 9,000 spectators.

## NOTTS FOREST FOOTBALL CLUB.

J. W. Morton, the S.L.H. crack and amateur champion sprinter, again ran finely on Saturday, when, in the presence of 12,000 enthusiasts, he won the 100 yards invitation level race in 10.5 sec., against other conditions which were by no means in his favour.

Denis Carey, who won the English hammer-throwing championship in 1890, won the 120 yards high race in 14 yds., behind scratch, in 19.15 sec.; and Ernest Payne, of Worcester, scored a double first in winning the level half-mile bicycle race in 1 min. 34.5 sec. and the handicap at that distance, from scratch, in 1 min. 35.5 sec.

## INTER-BOROUGH OFFICERS' WALK.

S. W. Wingfield, the old Queen's Park Harrier, at last managed on Saturday, after hard races in the two previous years, to beat the field in the inter-borough officers' walk. He represented the Paddington Borough, and finished about 40 yds. ahead of H. M. Mott (Wolverhampton), having covered the twenty and three-quarter miles of road, in the West Wickham district, in 3 hr. 12 min. 12 sec. E. E. Larner (Hammersmith), in 3 hr. 12 min. 12 sec. Hammersmith won the shield presented by the City of Westminster Borough Council; and E. F. Bluff (Hammersmith), with 30 min. start, secured the 2d handicap.

## SUITS 2/6 weekly.

T. RUSSELL and CO., the only really HIGH-CLASS TAILORS conducting business on the deferred payment system, are supplying fashionably tailored, perfectly-fitting suits on payment of 2s. in the £ and for Cash. Ladies' costumes on same terms. We employ West-End cutters only. Would intending customers please write or call and inspect our choice selection of newest designs?

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## FINE OLD MALT GIN.



Something fresh, useful, and never on market before. Not distinguishable from linen. Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for use. When soiled, washed with soap and water and dried on towel. After this, move away as before. No starching required. COLOURS 6/6 each, or 3 for 18. 6/6, 12/6, 18/6, 24/6, 30/6, 36/6, 42/6, 48/6, 54/6, 60/6, 66/6, 72/6, 78/6, 84/6, 90/6, 96/6, 102/6, 108/6, 114/6, 120/6, 126/6, 132/6, 138/6, 144/6, 150/6, 156/6, 162/6, 168/6, 174/6, 180/6, 186/6, 192/6, 198/6, 204/6, 210/6, 216/6, 222/6, 228/6, 234/6, 240/6, 246/6, 252/6, 258/6, 264/6, 270/6, 276/6, 282/6, 288/6, 294/6, 300/6, 306/6, 312/6, 318/6, 324/6, 330/6, 336/6, 342/6, 348/6, 354/6, 360/6, 366/6, 372/6, 378/6, 384/6, 390/6, 396/6, 402/6, 408/6, 414/6, 420/6, 426/6, 432/6, 438/6, 444/6, 450/6, 456/6, 462/6, 468/6, 474/6, 480/6, 486/6, 492/6, 498/6, 504/6, 510/6, 516/6, 522/6, 528/6, 534/6, 540/6, 546/6, 552/6, 558/6, 564/6, 570/6, 576/6, 582/6, 588/6, 594/6, 600/6, 606/6, 612/6, 618/6, 624/6, 630/6, 636/6, 642/6, 648/6, 654/6, 660/6, 666/6, 672/6, 678/6, 684/6, 690/6, 696/6, 702/6, 708/6, 714/6, 720/6, 726/6, 732/6, 738/6, 744/6, 750/6, 756/6, 762/6, 768/6, 774/6, 780/6, 786/6, 792/6, 798/6, 804/6, 810/6, 816/6, 822/6, 828/6, 834/6, 840/6, 846/6, 852/6, 858/6, 864/6, 870/6, 876/6, 882/6, 888/6, 894/6, 900/6, 906/6, 912/6, 918/6, 924/6, 930/6, 936/6, 942/6, 948/6, 954/6, 960/6, 966/6, 972/6, 978/6, 984/6, 990/6, 996/6, 1002/6, 1008/6, 1014/6, 1020/6, 1026/6, 1032/6, 1038/6, 1044/6, 1050/6, 1056/6, 1062/6, 1068/6, 1074/6, 1080/6, 1086/6, 1092/6, 1098/6, 1104/6, 1110/6, 1116/6, 1122/6, 1128/6, 1134/6, 1140/6, 1146/6, 1152/6, 1158/6, 1164/6, 1170/6, 1176/6, 1182/6, 1188/6, 1194/6, 1200/6, 1206/6, 1212/6, 1218/6, 1224/6, 1230/6, 1236/6, 1242/6, 1248/6, 1254/6, 1260/6, 1266/6, 1272/6, 1278/6, 1284/6, 1290/6, 1296/6, 1302/6, 1308/6, 1314/6, 1320/6, 1326/6, 1332/6, 1338/6, 1344/6, 1350/6, 1356/6, 1362/6, 1368/6, 1374/6, 1380/6, 1386/6, 1392/6, 1398/6, 1404/6, 1410/6, 1416/6, 1422/6, 1428/6, 1434/6, 1440/6, 1446/6, 1452/6, 1458/6, 1464/6, 1470/6, 1476/6, 1482/6, 1488/6, 1494/6, 1500/6, 1506/6, 1512/6, 1518/6, 1524/6, 1530/6, 1536/6, 1542/6, 1548/6, 1554/6, 1560/6, 1566/6, 1572/6, 1578/6, 1584/6, 1590/6, 1596/6, 1602/6, 1608/6, 1614/6, 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3870/6, 3876/6, 3882/6, 3888/6, 3894/6, 3900/6, 3906/6, 3912/6, 3918/6, 3924/6, 3930/6, 3936/6, 3942/6, 3948/6, 3954/6, 3960/6, 3966/6, 3972/6, 3978/6, 3984/6, 3990/6, 3996/6, 4002/6, 4008/6, 4014/6, 4020/6, 4026/6, 4032/6, 4038/6, 4044/6, 4050/6, 4056/6, 4062/6, 4068/6, 4074/6, 4080/6, 4086/6, 4092/6, 4098/6, 4104/6, 4110/6, 4116/6, 4122/6, 4128/6, 4134/6, 4140/6, 4146/6, 4152/6, 4158/6, 4164/6, 4170/6, 4176/6, 4182/6, 4188/6, 4194/6, 4200/6, 4206/6, 4212/6, 4218/6, 4224/6, 4230/6, 4236/6, 4242/6, 4248/6, 4254/6, 4260/6, 4266/6, 4272/6, 4278/6, 4284/6, 4290/6, 4296/6, 4302/6, 4308/6, 4314/6, 4320/6, 4326/6, 4332/6, 4338/6, 4344/6, 4350/6, 4356/6, 4362/6, 4368/6, 4374/6, 4380/6, 4386/6, 4392/6, 4398/6, 4404/6, 4410/6, 4416/6, 4422/6, 4428/6, 4434/6, 4440/6, 4446/6, 4452/6, 4458/6, 4464/6, 4470/6, 4476/6, 4482/6, 4488/6, 4494/6, 4500/6, 4506/6, 4512/6, 4518/6, 4524/6, 4530/6, 4536/6, 4542/6, 4548/6, 4554/6, 4560/6, 4566/6, 4572/6, 4578/6, 4584/6, 4590/6, 4596/6, 4602/6, 4608/6, 4614/6, 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6870/6, 6876/6, 6882/6, 6888/6, 6



## DAILY BARGAINS.

**NOTICE.**—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

## Dress.

**A. A.—HIGH-CLASS CREDIT.** Tailoring—"Imperial" A. A. Longs suits to measure, 34s. to 55s. monthly; selection of patterns—"E" post free; please call—Wittam Tailoring Co., 251, Old-st., E.C.4.

**A. 9.—PARCEL.—UNDERLINEN.**—Eight, Ladies' choice long choice Gents' beautiful nightdresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. C. 251, Uxbridge, Shepherd's Bush.

**A1 CREDIT Tailoring; ladies' and gents'; easiest terms.**—Smith and Adams, 28, Ludgate-hill, E.C.4, and 28, Regent-st. S.W. Piccadilly-circus end.

**A FREE DAILY HANDSHELF, with illustrated A. A. hats, and stamp.**—British Laces Company, Oxford-st., London.

**A SUIT or Overcoat on credit from 35s.; deposit 5s.** balance 4s. 6d. West End cutters only; latest materials—T. Russell and Co., 137, Fenchurch-st. and 58, Chesham (corner Bow-lane). All transactions confidential.

**BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT.** 68 articles, 21s. 6d. long choice Gents' Marabout Stole, rich dark brown, perfectly new; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; also another black ditto, 11s. 9d. Approval—Gwendoline, 55, Handforth-st. S.W.

**BARGAIN—10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 5 night-dresses, 10s. 6d. 9s. 9d., Union-red, Clapham.**

**"BEATALL" Baby Romants, 11s. 3d. parcels; damasks, cambrics, linens, muslins, lace.**—Beatall, Bushden.

**BEAUTIFUL White Long Clothes; set of 5 articles, 21s.** a bargain of loveliness; approval—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

**BOUSES, Costumes, Skirts, direct from warehouse, whole sale prices; set of 2, for sample blouse, light or dark; new summer catalogue post free.**—Wynne Bros., 153, Bridge-water-st., London.

**BOOTS on Credit; Ladies', 6s. Gent., 10s. 6d.; good Business Suits 27s. 6d.; tailor-made Costumes 45s.; Jackets, Mantles, and Drapery delivered on credit; orders and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; no objectionable inquiries; quick delivery.**—Write Dept. No. 235, A. Thomas, 57, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

**COSTUMES.—A Parisian Ladies' Tailor is making the best and smartest 2-guinea Costumes in London; orders a speciality; latest spring designs and patterns—Box 2, 309, Co. Orstein Brothers, 31 and 32, King William-st. E.C.4.**

**FORTY SHILLING Suit for 10s. 6d.**—Great Tailoring T. offer. Dear Sir—To enable you to understand that England is not behindhand in this wonderful Gents' Tweed Suit at 10s. 6d., carriage free. Write now for our free patterns and measure post free; this offer is good for much longer. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our real British great offer. Clicks write us. Managers write us. Foremen write us. We are here to attend your wants, and our prices are the lowest to the world's eye. Write us. Postcard will do. If you have no stamp at home post it without, we will take care of it. (Dept. D, 18 and 20, Oxford-st., next door Oxford Music Hall, London, W.)

**FREE HINTS FOR SUMMER.**—Samples sent anywhere; real Irish dress, 63d. yard; beautiful costumes—Send postcard to Hutton's, 81, Large, Ireland.

**GENTLEMEN'S Suits to Measure, 21s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to Measure, 22s. 6d. 12s. 6d. City Tailors (Dept. 15), 20, Prince of Wales-st., Norwich.**

**HIGHLY-SILVERED Ladies' Belt, each link set turquoise stones; smart, stylish; 2s.**—The Wonder Co., Dorchester.

**LADIES, only 2s. 6d. need be sent with your order for Costumes from 21s.; jackets, drapery, boots, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; quick delivery. 50 objectionable inquiries; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.**—Write Dept. 235, A. Thomas, 57, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

**LADY offers elegant seven-strand, extra wide, long choice real ostrich marabout feather Stole; rich dark brown, perfectly new, sacrifice 11s. 9d.; also another black ditto, 11s. 9d., approval by post.**—Eva, Caxton House, Upper Tulse Hill, London.

**LADY offers white ostrich feather Stole, exceedingly hand-some; long and wide; perfectly new and unsold; sacrifice 19s. 6d.; approval—Lady W., 29, Holland-st. S.W.**

**MILLINERY in the latest Paris style; at moderate prices.**—Address Millinery, 150, York-st., N.

**MONSTER 1s. parcel assorted Laces; exceptional value.**—Wayte and Co., 84, Parliament-st., Nottingham.

**ON SHILLING Weekly.**—Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices; good business suits from 27s. 6d. Costumes from 25s.; delivered on credit; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; quick delivery. 50 objectionable inquiries; patterns and self-measurement chart post free; no objectionable inquiries; quick delivery—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 57, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

**SMART Day and Evening Gowns, Millinery, etc.; only slightly worn; great bargains.**—Balmori, 11, Hanway-st., Tottenham Court-st.

**TO LADIES.**—For smart and cheap Costumes, etc., call at Belgravia Dress Agency, 41, Sloane-street, S.W. Dresses sold on commission.

**2/- PER PAIR.**—Genuine Police and Army Troopers; grand for work or evenings; carriage 6d.—V. Harrow, and Co., 51, Bruce-st., E.C.4.

**2/6 DOWN** will secure you a fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure—Scott and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 64, Chesham, and 255, Edgware-rd.

**25/- STYLE Boots for 6s. 4d.—Attending Bargains.**—In return for crossed cheque value 6s. 4d. send, carriage paid, one pair ladies' or gents' extra high-top boots, brand new or almost new, polished, medium or square toes; cat catalogue free; money back instantly if required; prompt delivery; no disappointment; we deliver at once; manufacturers of beautiful, durable foot wear to West End for years established 1801—The Times Book Co., 25, Camberwell-rd., London; postal orders must be crossed, and don't forget size.

**88 INCHES** long—Beautiful Marabout Stole, 7 strands wide, post and carriage 1s. 6d. (black or natural); money returned if not approved.—E. Morley and Co., Crouch End, London, N.

## Articles for Disposal.

**A.—ART CANE BABY'S MAIL CART.** silver-plated fittings, over 100 new articles; 34s. 6d., carriage paid; design (West End price 115s.), 34s. 6d., carriage paid; approval before payment; photo new—Lawrence, 90, Brook-rd. Stoke Newington, London, N.

**A RARE OFFER.**—Sweetheart's Curious Love Letter; six very funny photos, and a very rare novelty, 1s. 6d., security checked—W. C. 217, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

**ALL MARRIAGES MADE A SUCCESS** on easy terms by the use of our lucky 28ct. gold wedding rings and solid gold keepers for 35s. 6d. per pair; also, cloths, cutlery, and jewellery delivered on credit; balance monthly; illustrations post free; no objectionable inquiries—Write Dept. 15, A. Thomas, 57, Upper-st. Islington, London, N.

**A NEW Wooden Sun Dial; perfect condition; 18s. 6d.**—Thistlewood, Broad-st., Birmingham.

**BABY CARS, direct from factory, on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5s. in the 1s. 4d. cash or easy payments from 5s. 6d. monthly; send for splendid new catalogue free.**—Dept. 13 Direct Public Supply Co., Coventry.

**BANKRUPT STOCK.**—Ladies' 6s. 6d. rolled gold Neck-chain, 52in. long, for 1s. 4d. post free; don't miss this opportunity—Hildbrand and Co., 2, Colville-rd., E.C.4.

**CASH Prizes.**—Genuine Pocket Competition; particulars stamp—The Goswell Pen Co., 108, Goswell-rd., E.C.4.

**CHARMING Coloured Miniatures, from any photograph.** 1s. in silver pendant, 1s. 6d.; gold, 6s.; sample sent—Chapman, Artist, Swansea.

**CONFECTIONER'S Ovens, coal, coke, or gas; self-contained; tenants' fixtures; latest designs; illustrated list free.**—Mabbott, Phoenix Iron Works, Manchester.

**FOREIGN Stamps.**—Packet 50 different, illustrated list, collecting guide, sent for 1d. postage—Buller Bros., Cleveland.

**FREE—Send for 1905 illustrated catalogue of Lace and Ham.**—Muslin Curtains—Marple and Co., Dept. 10, Nottingham.

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